


大正十一年四月一日

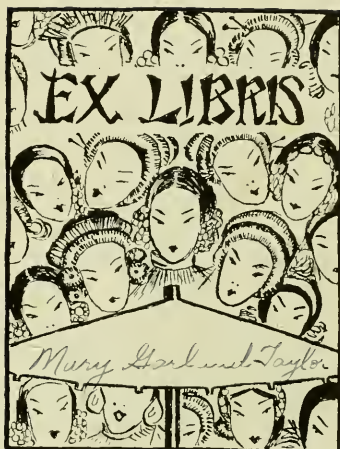
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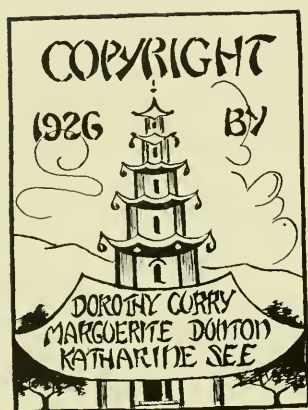






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1926

BY

DOROTHY CURRY
MARGUERITE DANTON
KATHARINE SEE





Where our dreams and toils shall flow
Till our greater college grow
Now the apple blossoms blow

The Bluestocking

Published by The Junior Class

MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE



Staunton, Virginia

1925-1926

VOLUME III

TO
MISS EDITH LATANÉ

who has won our admiration
by her rare intellectual endowment
our gratitude
by her positive and constructive work
our devotion
by her personal sympathy and friendship
do we affectionately dedicate
THE 1926 BLUESTOCKING



MISS EDITH LATANE



FOREWORD



S EAST AND WEST must somewhere always meet, as each must from the other draw mutually inspiration and renascence, so you, Seniors, have learned from every age and nation; so may you link together Past and Future into a stronger Present. To you we give this book that it may serve not only in itself as a link between your student days and the new life, but as a symbol, as the record of your greater linkage of greater things—a history and a prophecy.

THE QUEST OF LIGHT

Poet Nightingale
In the shadows of the Night
Sings his wistful tale.

Up the templed slope
From the silver-sleeping vale
Pilgrims dimly grope.

From the topmost height
Of the Holy Mount of hope
See the rising light.

—KATHARINE SEE.



Mary Baldwin

(ALMA MATER SONG)

KATHARINE SEE

LILLIAN IRELAND

Thou wast born of dreams, Mary Baldwin, Mary Baldwin,
Woman's dreams of love and true desire,
Conqueror dreams with passion's ardor glowing
Caught from Truth's undying pure white fire.
Born to live, to perish never,
To inspire to high endeavor,
To uphold that light forever,
Mary Baldwin!

Thou wast built of dreams, Mary Baldwin, Mary Baldwin,
Dreams of faith, the dreams of early dawn.
Thou shalt live beyond time's farthest limit;
Dreams shall last when walls of stone are gone.
Born to live, to perish never,
To inspire to high endeavor,
To uphold that light forever,
Mary Baldwin!



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THE GARDEN OF THE GODS



Yes! 'tis a very pleasant land
Filled with joys on either hand.

—MIKADO ZHIYOMEI

福



admit us

Into these, the sacred precincts.

—FROM A JAPANESE SONG



*The gentle maidens of Japan
Indulge in fancies bright.*

—FROM A JAPANESE LEGEND



*And revealing to our vision
E'v'ry landmark.*

—FROM A JAPANESE SONG



A thousand years of happy life be thine!

—JAPANESE GREETING



*As the day's first beam
Sheds a light on the divine
Hill . . .*

—YERZO ASADA



*And oh! the brightness of the spotless snow
Upon the branches*

—EMPEROR MEIJI

THE SONGS



The noble mind that soars on high
Beyond the star-bespangled sky.

—DAINO-NO-NAISHI-NO-SKE

1926

福



MARIANNA PARRAMORE HIGGINS, LITT. D.



OFFICERS AND ADMINISTRATORS



THE FACULTY



THE FACULTY



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春の來るを待つ

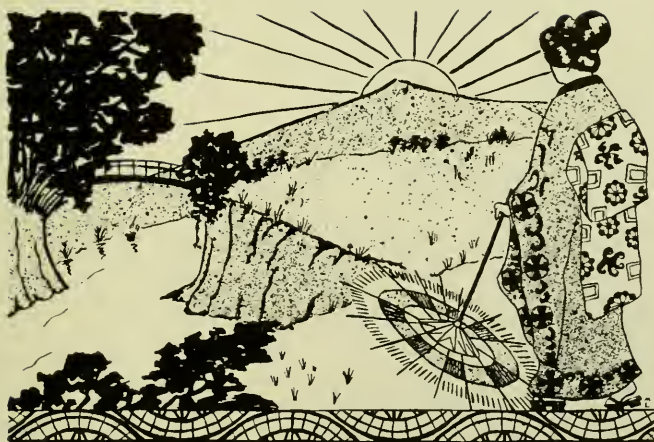


They place a bit of spring before their eyes,
Such as a flowering plum with nightingale,
Which means that bright days are coming soon . . .

—F. A. STURGE

福

思而不學 學而不思



Learning without thought is labor lost;
Thought without learning is perilous.

—CONFUCIUS



College Seniors



MISS FLORA STUART
Honorary Member

OFFICERS

MARGARET WARD	<i>President</i>
MARGARET SCOTT	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELLEN WALLACE	<i>Secretary</i>
MISSOURI MILLER	<i>Treasurer</i>

MOTTO

Vera pro gratis

COLORS

Silver and Green

FLOWER

Sweet Peas

SENIORS' FAREWELL TOAST

It is to Mary Baldwin that we would drink—to its white columns reaching up into the blue—as our aspirations mount into the dream clouds of youth, to its terraces fresh and green as our memories of Mary Baldwin will ever be—to its chapel encircled with the golden halo of the past. Mary Baldwin has proffered to us a cup overflowing with inspirations, with knowledge, with reverence for things past and hopes for the future. From none who love Mary Baldwin has this cup been withheld. Let us drink to the school with the white columns of aspiring hope that will inspire to the best because founded on the fragrant green of memories of a school that mingles past with future ideals—*To Mary Baldwin.*



MARTHA ELIZABETH
GAYHART

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Martha might well be called the "Sunshine" of the class, for in spite of her long assignments and extra work, one can always hear her merry laugh, especially in the library. However, her optimism and splendid ability have always won for her the envied place at the top of the list, particularly in Latin, for she is master of even the idioms used "in the best period of the language."

Not only has she been sought after in school, but also in outside activities she is called to various responsibilities which only serve to make her friends appreciate her more. In church work she has quite a personal interest, as well as altruistic motives! We are sure it will prove splendid training for the future, and we wish for her the best which life has to give.





KATHLEEN COLEMAN
GOODLOE

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

We know this very attractive girl with the winning manners as "Kitty"—and that speaks volumes. Kitty is the youngest member of our class, for she did not join us until this year. A Seminary graduate last year, she decided to return to Mary Baldwin for her degree. One of her strong points is being on time (?) to all classes. "Is Miss Goodloe absent?" "No, she's coming." And she does come, just a little later! We often marvel that she manages to do so many things. She can combine the tasks of school-life with the more entertaining things outside better than 'most anybody we know, and—well, it is perfectly impossible to describe a girl like Kathleen in such a short space—everyone who meets her succumbs to the charm of her engaging personality.



MARTHA MISSOURI
MILLER

CHRISTIANSBURG, VIRGINIA

Again we have strong proof of the perversity of fate, and again we ask like Juliet, and with as little expectation of being answered, "What's in a name?" when we consider how the name of "Misery" should have been applied to one most ludicrously unfitted to bear it. (We use the adverb indorsedly.) For how could a girl carry a back-breaking load of wearisome, worrisome work and still retain a characteristic grin and a divine sense of humor were there not hidden somewhere between those eyeglasses and that knot of blond hair a most delightful personality? Our highest tribute is one paid to our heroine by a contemporary after a lively session together: "That Misery Miller hasn't a *grain* of sense in her head!" (Though this, like all formal tributes, must be taken with a pinch of salt.)





ELIZABETH SPOTTS
ROBERTS

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Don't expect us, hypothetical reader, to accomplish the impossible; that is, don't blame us if we fail adequately to portray the gifted, the inimitable, the versatile Liz; official title, Elizabeth Spotts Roberts, illustrious hostess of the Muses, notably in the dramatic line, and leader of the Intelligensia, authority on heredity, Hamilton, and various other topics—co-laborers in English XII might complete the alliteration, but we name instead Russia. The present plan of the present Liz leans toward the last-mentioned or else to her colony founded at the antipodes of the Langdon-Davies Isle, on the principles of Wig-gam.

For fame has yet another hold on our already distinguished graduate; she has by scientific experiment reduced the necessity of study to the perusal of two books which may be discussed in any class! What further evidence do we need to prove that Elizabeth Spotts Roberts will some day find her place in the international hall of fame?



MARGARET ELIZABETH
CASKIE SCOTT

BURKVILLE, VIRGINIA

Margaret, *alias* Polly, is a girl you turn around to look at and turn and go back to talk to. The gods were in a generous mood when they endowed her. In her are combined beauty and sense—add to that a dash of wit—what more could be desired? Mary Baldwin is proud of her because of what she has added to the school life. What would the Yellow team do without Polly as forward? Where were all the joy and mirth of the dances without this most popular partner? If the girls to whom poets sing praises are not hallucinations we have an idea they are something like Margaret. Would that we possessed that spark of poetic genius, then we could dwell on her attractions that do not lend themselves to prose.





KATHRYN PAGE STUART

CHICKASAW, ALABAMA

Arriving at M. B. C., Page set herself to the task of becoming one of the leading students in her classes. She has succeeded in mastering the subjects which have come her way. Soon we expect to hear of some leading and 99.9% efficient Latin professor being this same girl. In spite of all this, she is not a book-worm, and we can see her any day wending her way to town, and if we'd stop at Anderson's we'd see her eating butter scotch pie and ice-cream, or at Holt's buying two yards of material with which to make a dress. Page is always wide-awake, owing to the possession of a Big Ben, her pride and joy. The combination of personality, wit, and a desire to lend a helping hand has made Page one of the girls of whom our Alma Mater can always be proud.



ELLEN WALLACE

STUANTON, VIRGINIA

No, that tall, dignified lady is not a member of the faculty, but only our own Ellen, on her way to one of her Latin classes for, excepting one thing, Ellen loves Latin best. Her chief ambition is to teach until—well, until she gets tired of it. Ellen always manages to get a lot of serious work done and then finds time to walk by the post-office on her way home.

Ellen the fair, Ellen the prim,
For rich or poor, for fat or
thin
She always has a charming
wink
Which would make even a
policeman blink.
Beware! such are sure to bring
Catastrophe on everything.





MARGARET
NOTTINGHAM WARD

BELLE HAVEN, VIRGINIA

Margaret is "Peg o' My Heart" to everyone. There is something innate about her that compels love and admiration. We would like to correct the saying, "Red head—bad temper." There is nothing more laughable than trying to imagine Peggy in a fury. Upon occasions she manifests righteous indignation, but her disposition does not suffer from it.

Peggy reminds us of a lovely white lily transplanted from a medieval garden. It is our belief that this bit of lovable girl was cast in a mould reminiscent of the time when knights were bold and ladies fair. For her dignity in presiding and her sweet freshness are as charming as if she had been Lady Margaret with flowing sleeves and a pearl cap on her auburn hair. May she always preserve those unique qualities that make her different and a shade of old traditions.

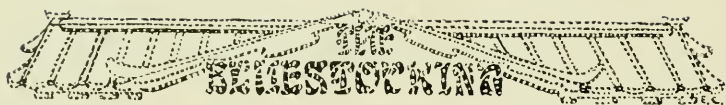


NANCY BELLE WATKINS

CREWE, VIRGINIA

Did you ever see Pierrette, a wistful, winsome Pierrette peeping with a pert grimace through the morning glory vines? It might have been Nancy in one of her Pierrette moments. Did you ever see a little girl with yellow curls and a shamefaced look on her dirty face caught stealing cookies? The name of Nancy just tastes of hot ginger cookies (perhaps it's some such subconscious trait that makes her such a sympathetic store-keeper). But Nancy is not the only person concerned, remember. There is Miss Watkins with the correct, or at least intelligent, answer ready in class. There is Watkins of basketball, in the gym. There is Nancy of evening dress, and Nancy of college gown. And there is the Nancy of all, who is best of all, for this is the Nancy of all our hearts.





MARGUERITE GERTRUDE
WELLER

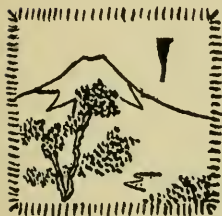
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Lest you be a little awed, conventionally gentle reader, by the scholastic-looking Senior pictured at the top, note the smile of the little lady who appears below, and remember that the Marguerite we know is merely the same little girl grown older and even more attractive. For all of us who know her must admit the attractiveness of her Madonna face, her gentle manner, and her intelligent and optimistic outlook. Marguerite lives "down the pike" and braves snowstorms to meet her classes. Might we add that her interests also lie "down the pike" —perhaps so far as Winchester? The little girl in the picture looks as if she might have been picking a handful of her namesake flower; can't we imagine her older edition pulling the petals too? For her first name rhymes very well with the adjective "sweet."



“From Immigrant to Inventor”

(CLASS HISTORY)



IT IS with great hesitancy that we assume the task of giving to the world a history of our class—to treat of those members who by future historians probably greater than ourselves will be dealt with as becomes their rank and genius. However, let us turn introspecting minds to the contemplation of the past four years. Even in retrospect our Freshman year is not one to be envied. Rather it is one that we omit even when prone to idealize the past. It is a subject that is taboo—memories of which are suppressed into our inner consciousness. But alas, when we succumb to the arms of Somnus these humiliating memories creep past the little censor into our minds—and then we dream!—of rats, rats, rats, being scourged throughout every corner of Mary Baldwin. The upper classmen in vain searched for a pied piper to rid them of these pests. So the rats were first harassed—and then were endured with spiritual fortitude. Dreams always are jumpy—Suddenly from rats we were transformed into superhuman beings—called Sophomores—having twice the brain power and thrice the modesty of ordinary humans. It was such a relief to awaken from this nightmare to the realization that we were not animals or pests after all, but real people—or maybe it wasn't a dream at all—but only a conclusive proof of evolution.

From Rat to Sophomore. How astounding! However, it wouldn't be fair to nature to leave all the transforming to her, so we organized into a class. The following officers were elected to steer us through our pioneer stage: President, Margaret Ward; Vice-President, Marguerite Rutherford; Secretary, Martha Gayhart; Treasurer, Eleanor Brownfield.

This was a period of finding ourselves, of realizing that college is not a playground. Suffice it to say that evolution was still at work, for as we disbanded temporarily at the end of the year our minds had dwindled to the regulation size and our modesty adjusted to suit our station.

The third year we burst forth in all our splendor and glory. Behold the Juniors! Nature had contrived to dispense with the obvious ignorance so naively displayed in our Freshman year and with the insufferable egotism of the Sophomore year. In their stead she provided us with serious thoughts, with ambitions, and ideals. These new endowments in some way equipped us to take part in the literary, religious, and athletic activities in our environment. As Juniors we edited *THE BLUESTOCKING* which won All-American rating by the Central Interscholastic Press Association under the School of Journalism in the University of Wisconsin. Nor was the social side undeveloped. What pleasant memories of the teas—of riding through Buffalo Gap when the trees were decked out in their most colorful autumnal foliage, of the picnic feast out many miles from Staunton, of that impressive and cherished event—the Junior-Senior banquet.

The perfection of our Senior year has been marred by only one bitterness—the traditional metamorphosis that accompanies the progress from Junior to Senior failed to occur. For the first time nature failed us. It was futile to flaunt a high hat air even if we were the intelligence of the school, because our physical could not cope with our mental progress. As we have lamented Dame Nature adopted an economic trend of mind and employed the *laissez-faire* idea. Otherwise we're absolutely satisfied with ourselves—even in danger of degenerating to the egotism of our second year.

On Thanksgiving evening for various, sundry, and pecuniary reasons we impressed the public with a play—after which we were entertained at a lovely dinner. Just after Thanksgiving we introduced the Friday afternoon teas into the Mary Baldwin social program. To all appearances we were humanitarians reviving under-nourished students. However, there was a method in this humanitarian madness. We were hoarding money to pay for the die for our Senior Class rings, which we had succeeded in having adopted as the first standard Mary Baldwin ring.

The hardships of our last year fade into oblivion in the contemplation of the benefits received, of the helpful advice given by our teachers and friends, and the deep joy that comes from the consciousness of having completed four years in preparation for the great school of life which we will enter when our dreams of graduation have materialized. Our dream for the future classes is that they will achieve things we have striven for, realize the standards we have sought to attain—and may we add, sometimes think of us lest we number among the ships that pass in the night.

—NANCY WATKINS.



And Next - - - ?

Slowly I dropped my long black student gown
And doffed the sacred cap
Then I opened the old Venetian chest.
It was a lovely chest, my dear, all carved
With tales of how the Greek and Trojan warred,
And there were laid away my worn-out dreams of life.
The first a tiny baby dress
With feather stitching yellowed now with age
Was my much cherished christening robe.
I was to be a credit to the family
But I cried!
Did you see, my dear, the scalloped pink dress?
I wore it the first day I went to school.
School I thought was just a place to eat
Nice lunches, packed in bright tin boxes!
Poor little dress, you soon were disillusioned!
There were stiff, uncomfortable desks you had to sit in,
Sit and sit and sit and sit in,
'Till your crispness was all wilted.
I was confirmed in this white dress,
My dear, though I knew nothing of the church
Except that Mary Russell (she was my closest friend
And not considered one bit smarter)
Was joining too. Besides, I wanted the white dress,
And 'twas awfully nice to have the minister
Talk to you seriously about your problems
As if you were grown up.
But afterwards you were expected to always sit



Prim and straight every single Sunday in the family pew

I had not thought religion was just that.

Look the first dress I wore a-dancing

(I was just sixteen, romancing

Everything would be as lovely as the color of its rose!)

Even now I can remember how it thrilled me

When he asked me

Where I lived, and noted in a leather book my words!

For weeks I sat and waited

I thought he meant to call!

Gently I fold my somber student gown

And slowly place it in the chest.

Where is the surpassing sureness I thought

Would be stored in your folds?

I've discovered there is nothing you certainly know

Only the challenge of life!

So I place you, too, in the chest.

But the wind (I suppose 'twas the wind)

Made me shudder with sudden cold:

What dress is waiting for me

In the robe-room of the Future?

Perhaps 'twill be all shimmering with radiant silver lights,

I almost know it will be lovely

But I wonder just what style? Silver, surely

Listen, dear, how I am raving,

Always silver dresses craving!

Life is silver just in spots.

—ELIZABETH SPOTTS ROBERTS.



SENIORS SERVE TEA



UNLOADING TRASH



BLOSSOM TIME

Sportive Seniors

Sept. 18—Presented with French charms by Miss Stuart.

Oct. 27—Sophomore - Senior Entertainment.

Nov. 7, 13, 20—Senior Teas.

Nov. 26—Class plays—

"Lima Beans"—

A Fantasy

"The Rescue"—

A Tragedy

"The Florist Shop"—

A Comedy

Nov. 26—Entertained by Miss Stuart at the "Old Homestead."

Nov. 27—Donated die for Senior rings to M. B. C.

Dec. 16—Arrival of first standard M. B. C. rings.

Jan. 30, Feb. 26, Mar. 30,

May 21—Garden Party (afternoon). Class Play (evening).

May 23—Baccalaureate Sermon (morning). Senior Y. W. C. A. Service (evening).

May 24—Received Degrees (morning).

May 25—Adieu to Alma Mater.



FOR SALE



CAUGHT!



KEEP TO THE RIGHT



HAT THERE!



MRS. MOTOR TRAVEL

山王の御用



Lo! the pilgrim sees
Giant servants of the shrine.
—SEIICHI MATSUDA



The Junior Class

MARGUERITE DUNTONPresident
DOROTHY CURRYVice-President
MARGARET BOWENSecretary
MAURINE TULLYTreasurer
EDYTHE RICHCREEK	}Sergcants-at-Arms
MARY TERRELL	

HONORARY MEMBER

MISS EDITH LATANE

MOTTO

Conjunctis Viribus

FLOWER

Marechal-Niel Rose

COLORS

Blue and Gold

The Dozen's "Daily Dozen"

A strenuous one is our Junior Class
 In our exercises we are terribly fast.
 Each member has a special way,
 Her daily dozen, to do each day.
 The "dummy" works our Marguerite
 But never tires her voice so sweet.
 Hisey chases ads; when tired of this race
 She rests and talks to Angel-Face.
 Tully our jester, witty and bright
 Toils to keep our humor just right.
 Poor K. See works all the time,
 She trains herself composing rhyme.
 The kodak on a sunny day
 Is wielded by our Elsie Gray.
 Trotter uses all her sense
 To cut down annual expense.
 Edythe wears herself away
 Collecting day pupils for the play.
 Elizabeth R, hard-working lass
 Will take many honors for our class.
 At Bluestocking teas Margaret is there
 With money and change always to spare.
 Quietness is Etta's charm
 Which keeps her out of mischief and harm.
 Arranging flowers keeps Mary running
 For in decorating, she is skilful and cunning.
 Fate has been hard on Editor Curry
 She's entered a life of work, wear and worry.



Age to Youth

(For the Class of 1927)

Gay Youth came running down the street,
All joy and hope,
Like a flame let loose in windy air,
And when that he had passed us by,
I turned to look at Age, who walked with me;
And lo! he was transformed—
A tender, wistful, subtle smile,
And eyes that gazed and strained to follow that bright thing,
Too light and quick for us to keep anear.

Again a day and Youth had passed us by,
A passion of wild sorrow swept him on,
He tried to run from grief,
Pain was so strange, so new
He could not bear that one should even bind his wound.
Again I looked at Age,
Forsooth so calm, so cold:
But lo! a sorrow old as man,
A mystic grief,
And arms outstretched in comprehending love.

Ah, children, children!
Being old, we know,
The body faileth us,
The years press down,
We cannot go as in the days of yore,
We cannot give the signs ye understand;
But we do love ye,
And we know us next of kin.

—EDITH LATANE.



In the Work Shop



T. Home to Miss Talbot's Study



MISS LATANÉ'S PICNIC



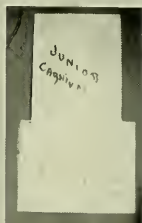
A FAMILY REUNION



THE CHAPTER SHAPED



THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL



POSTER



PRIZE-WINNERS AT MASS GRAD

Jolly Juniors

Oct. 7—Miss Latané entertained.

Oct. 22—Announcement of BLUESTOCKING Staff.

Oct. 30—Tea in honor of Freshmen.

Nov. 4—Received privileges.

Nov. 25—Tea at "Breezy Hill."

Feb. 6—Junior Carnival.

Feb. 26—Farewell Breakfast to Miss Latané.

April 10—Junior-Senior Banquet.



SHOPPING

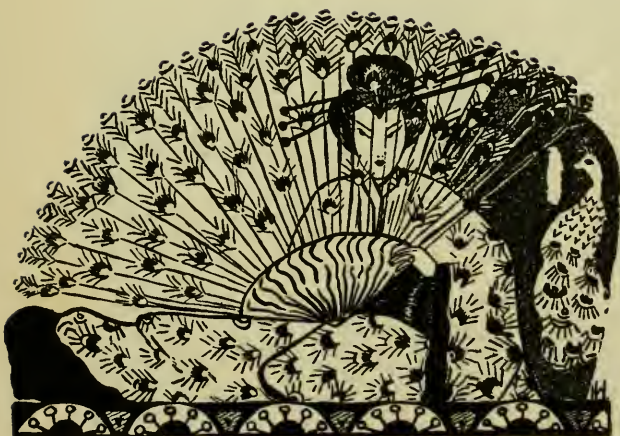


IN MEMORIAL



WELL SPONSORED

THE MIKADO



There's not a trace upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness.

—THE MIKADO—GILBERT



The Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

LUCILE GORIN	<i>President</i>
ALICE McCABE	<i>Vice-President</i>
AGNES BRAXTON	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
CAROLINE WOOD	<i>Secretary</i>
ELIZABETH HUME	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS NANCY MCFARLAND	<i>Honorary Member</i>

MOTTO

Niti nec cedere

FLOWERS

Lilac and Daffodil

COLORS

Lavender and Gold

MEMBERS

MARGARET ARUNDAL
FRANCES BALLENGER
HELEN BAYLOR
FLORENCE BANTLY
HENRIETTA BEDINGER
CLARA BEERY
VIRGINIA BIVENS
AGNES BRAXTON
MARY MARGARET BUMGARDNER
DOROTHY DYER
DOROTHY EXLINE

FLORA GEORGE
ELISE GIBSON
LUCILE GORIN
DORIS HANKINS
HELEN HINER
LOUISE JOHNSON
MARTHA JOHNSON
NETTIE JUNKIN
ELIZABETH KNIGHT
KITTY LAMBERT

MILDRED LUCKETT
ALICE McCABE
DOROTHY MILLER
DOROTHY NAFF
KATHERINE PERRY
MARGARET PATTERSON
DOROTHY POWELL
ETHEL RATCHFORD
FRANCES RUCKMAN
IRENE WALLACE
CAROLINE WOOD

The Class of '28

NETTIE JUNKIN—CLARA BEERY

(Cornell Boat Song)

We are the class of '28
The Sophs of M. B. C. ;
In everything we hold our own
A valiant class are we ;
Our colors lavender and gold
We to the end uphold,
In everything we say or do
To them we will be true.

So here's to the class of '28
Of the dear old M. B. C. ;
To our class and to our classmates
We'll ever loyal be ;
We'll work and play together
And sing right merrily ;
Her Spirit we can ne'er forget—
'28 of M. B. C. !



CLASS OF '28



Every Soph

(With Apologies to Everyman)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<i>Virtues</i>	{	SOPHIOMORES	<i>Vices</i>	{	GRIPE SESSION
		CLASS PATRON			THE GOLDEN BOWL
		CLASS OFFICERS			FLUNKING HABIT
		PRIVILEGES			Others labelled NEURONE and
		FACULTY			names of novels, etc.

SCENE.—*A large, comfortable room. At center back three steps lead up to a closed gate. SOPH and PATRON enter from opposite sides.*

SOPH: Howdy, CLASS PATRON, I'm back again.

CLASS PATRON: Well, really, you don't know how glad I am to see you back. My sister and I were just speaking of you the other day, dear SOPHOMORE. Did you have a good summer? Some of that green hue of last year has gone. You look so well.

SOPH: Well, if I must be a fool as I was last year, I can at least be a wise one this year.

CLASS PATRON: I must go on, but I'm so glad to see you back. *(Goes out.)*

SOPH *(seating herself)*: Feels good to be a SOPHOMORE. Oh! *(Vices enter and surround SOPH, singing)*:

Chorus: You've got to know all about us before we're through with you.

GOLDEN BOWL *(coming forward and opening two huge volumes she carries)*: See the pages you must read and be able to discuss intelligently, too; also these others—*(waving her hand to other vices who file across back stage in lock step.)*

SOPH: Oh dear, I shall never do it. I wish I were home or dead. I wish—

GRIPE SESSION: My dear, how mistreated and miserable you are!!!

(Virtues enter. CLASS OFFICERS pass cheering refreshments around promiscuously.)

FACULTY: Now see here, SOPH. You can and you will.

PRIVILEGE *(breaking in)*: Besides, you can go walking unchaperoned this year and to the movies and—But look!

(Vices throw off their black capes to emerge in bright colors.)

FACULTY: See, how interesting they are!

CLASS PATRON: And now there is only one more thing to conquer before you enter the gate to the Upper Classmen, and that is that awful FLUNKING HABIT.

(At this Flunking Habit rises from where he has lain before the gate. SOPH fights and overcomes him.)

CLASS PATRON: This is perfectly splendid!

(The gate opens and they all troop into a sunlit garden beneath a silver sign—JUNIORS.)



Sophomore Benefit Party for Foundation Fund



Bed-Time Stories for Sophomores



SISTER CLASSICS



SOPHOMORE BALL



HESITATION



SOPHOMORE-SENIOR PARTY



SMILE Y'S AT BREEZY HILL

Spiffy Sophs

October—Halloween Party.

Sophomore-Senior Entertainment.

November—Movies. Miss McFarland's Tea at "Breezy Hill."

December—Movies.

February—Benefit for Foundation Fund. Movies.

March—Movies.

April—Movies. Easter Party.

May—Picnic. Movies. Final Party.



WHO'S WHO?



THREE WISE MEN



DEFENDER'S EASTER PARTY



PRESIDENTIAL UNDERSTANDINGS

FROM MEN



In the second month the peach tree blooms,
But not till the ninth the chrysanthemums—
So each must wait till his own time comes.

—A JAPANESE PROVERB



The Freshman Class



OFFICERS

DOROTHY WIGGINTON	President
MARY GARLAND TAYLOR	Vice-President
WILHELMINA ESKRIDGE	Secretary
MYRA GENE STALLARD	Treasurer
REBECCA WHITE	} Standard Bearers
KATHERINE CRAWFORD	
MISS ELEANORA HARRIS	Honorary Member

MOTTO

Finis Coronat Opus

FLOWER

The Calendula

COLORS

Orange and Green

EMBLEM

The Shamrock

CLASS DAY

March 17th

MEMBERS

ELEANOR ADAMS
EFFIE ANDERSON
MARGARET AREY
MARTHA JONES BASS
MARGARET BAYLOR
FRANCES BONDURANT
VIRGINIA BROOKS
MARY LEOLA BROWN
ELIZABETH BURNS
CATHARINE CRAFTON
KATHERINE CRAWFORD
EUNICE DIAMOND
MARY ELIZABETH DOSWELL
VIRGINIA DRUESDOW
ELIZABETH EAST
MARY WILSON ELSDRED
WILHELMINA ESKRIDGE
MAE EVANS

LILLIAN FRANZ
ELIZABETH GILL
SARAH FRANCES GUTHRIE
FRANCINA HARDIE
ELIZABETH HOLLIS
MARTHA HOOD
JANET HUMPHREY
JENNIE HUNT
MAE IRVINE
FRANCES JENKINS
NANCY COOPER JOHNSON
LYDIA JORDAN
KATHERINE MACDONALD
CECELIA MCCUE
ANNA CATHERINE MCMAHON
BLANCHE MARTIN
REBECCA MESSICK
ELIZABETH MILLER

DOROTHY MORRIS
RUTH NAFF
EDITH ROACHE
ADELAIDE SEAL
ELEANOR SHANKS
PHYLLIS SHUMATE
MYRA GENE STALLARD
RUTH STONE
MARY GARLAND TAYLOR
MARY WAIDE
LOIS WALKER
REBECCA WHITE
SELMA WHITE
DOROTHY WIGGINTON
HELEN WIGGINTON
HELENORA WITHERS
DOROTHY WRIGHT
RENA YATES



CLASS OF '29



A Note From a Newcomer

Mary Baldwin College,
Staunton, Virginia,
April 1, 1926.

Dere Mamie:

I would have wrote you sooner but I have been to busy getting educated. The Freshman Class are all "little bells" and there ain't none of 'em here that's done right by us. We've had to give everybody in this hole school a party and pay for them and us too, but all the rest of 'em had such a good time we couldn't hold any hard feelings against 'em. Our latest was a blow-out for the Juniors, and it made our Sunday school suppers back home look sick. The girls wore dresses without any sleeves (I ain't sure there mothers knew it) and the tables was all decorated in our class colors, Orange and Green. All the other classes laughed when we picked 'em out, said something about beeing "very appropriate." The orange was all right because several of the girls have orange dresses and sweaters, and maybe they was throwing off on us about the green. I ain't sure.

Some girl at the banquet made a speech about our four points. Exercise is a great one even if I ain't reduced. Attendance is anotheren, but what with going away week-ends and staying in the Infirmary when we have a test, we don't keep up so well. Scholarship is the worst one, I've been making D's and E's most of the year, which aint so bad, it seems to me, for a Freshman. I think A's and B's are what we're aiming for, but I ain't sure. The most important is Service, and I reckon if they took a census of the U. S. the Freshman at M. B. C. would be listed as the "Original Servers." There is some body in this class that's always "the very person" for everything that comes along. If its piano playing they call on Blanche Martin. My piano playing don't rate as well here as it did in Slab Fork. Ruth Stone is a great big Freshie and she keeps her muscle strong by cutting cake. I've heard she "serves" a little to herself on the side. Mary G. Taylor makes all the speeches that are needed and Dorothy Wigginton is a fine body guard for our sponsor, Miss Harris.

Miss Harris has got a little jay-bird cousin out in Kansas that sits on a telephone pole and chews gum. She uses him to teach us Algebra by—I hope he comes up here to see her some day—Algebra'd be easier to study.

I'll be coming home before long and tell you the rest. ♣

Your friend,

SUE.



Fresh-Air for Freshmen



Christmas Tree for the Kiddies



CLIMB



CLASS FLOWER—COLUMBIA



EXERCISE



ATTENDANCE



ATTENDANCE

Frisky Freshmen

Nov. 13—Class Entertained by the Sponsor, Miss Harris.

Nov. 19—Tea at Breezy Hill.

Dec. 14—Christmas Tree Party.

Jan. 15—Class Tea given by the officers.

Jan. 26—Freshmen appeared with their new class pin.

Feb. 5 and 19—Fudge made by and for Freshmen.

Feb. 12—Valentine Party.

Feb. 19—Went to the S. M. A.-F. M. S. Basketball Game.

Feb. 26—Freshman Sandwich Sale.

March 1—"The Orange and the Green" displayed for first time.

March 17—Freshman-Junior Banquet.

March 26—Freshman stationery on sale.

April 9—Party to celebrate birthdays of all Freshmen.

April 23—"Bluestocking" Benefit put on by Freshmen.

May 8—Hike and breakfast on top of "Betsy Bell."



SCHOLARSHIP



THOSE LITTLE ITS



LEWIS DENNIS SERVICE



THOSE LITTLE ITS

うさぎのついで



When you come thus flickering, I am deluded!
 When you come thus twinkling, I am bewitched!

—TAICHOKNE'



Senior Specials



MISS LILLIAN IRELAND
Honorary Member

FLOWER

Pansy

COLORS

Lavender and Gold

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH RAGAN	<i>President</i>
HELEN WALTHOUR	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
ELSIE ROSENBERGER	<i>Class Historian</i>
ELIZABETH HEIMBACH	<i>Class Prophet</i>
EMILY RAMSEY	<i>Trophy Bearer</i>



VIRGINIA LENORE BIVENS

Ardmore, Oklahoma

GRADUATE IN PIANO

Ah, Virginia! What a task to depict in mere words the quantity and quality of this lady's accomplishments! In the presence of musical genius we have always been abashed—so it is in writing of this one.

Bivens is always able to entertain! If you are one of the cultured, her musical performance is one of that classic type that moves the spheres! If of the Philistines, she has a stock of humor and a flow of wit that has sufficed to melt the hearts of the staidest faculty members.

We hope that Virginia will rise to fame through her talents. If she is able to overcome a "small-sized mountain" that lies in her way, she will deserve our highest praise and the best possible success.



JANET PEYTON BRAND

Waynesboro, Virginia,

GRADUATE IN ART, PIANO, ORGAN

*"Love, sweetness, beauty, from her person shine,
So sweet, so gentle, and so refined."*

And that's not saying half. It would take pages and pages to tell of the many merits and talents of Janet.

She is the girl who always picks out the hardest task to do, and completes it with highest honors, ere the rest of us poor mortals have begun.

When she plays the piano and organ even the oldest classics sound interesting. But modern jazz is her specialty, and it gives you a thrill to hear her play it.

In the field of art Janet is quite as unusual and carries off most of the prizes. In fact, she is the very soul of versatility.

Added to this is an attractive personality and a dreamy outlook on life from which we hope she will never awaken.



MARY ELIZABETH BROWN

Swoope, Virginia

GRADUATE IN VOICE AND PIANO

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

Thus cries Elizabeth when she is tired of practising piano or vocalizing. For being our one and only song bird, she is kept rather busy and enjoys a change of exercise; and a horse furnishes that for her.

Elizabeth is dependable, always there, and always ready to help—always cheerful. The way to Betsy's heart is through her horses which, according to the latest census, were only nine. Yes, she has plenty of room in her heart for other biological forms, notably the human race; for Betsy is companionable and loyal. Finally she is the kind of a girl to whom we can give the high praise of "a good sport" and the kind we like to have for a friend.



ELISE DE GRANT CORNMAN

Marietta, Pennsylvania

GRADUATE IN ART

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." We don't know whether Elise obtained this title by heredity or by personal achievement or whether it was tossed to her by some gracious god. But the fact remains, she is a great artist. No BLUESTOCKING of recent years has been complete without her characteristic talent displayed on its pages.

Elise is quiet, sincere, and straightforward. She has ability and whatever she undertakes she does well. How we would do without her is indeed hard to imagine. So dependable, so cheerful, and so modest of her achievements! Yet what a sense of humor. Such is our artistic friend, whose whole well rounded character finds expression in her art.

THE BEST OF THE

CAROLYN GOCHENOUR

Staunton, Virginia

GRADUATE IN PIANO, ORGAN

*"By music minds an equal temper
know"*

*Nor swell too high nor sink too
low."*

Carolyn is a girl whom every one likes because of her sweet disposition. She is full of the determination to complete what she has started and to do it the best she can. No wonder she is so versatile. Our efficient Carolyn plays the piano and pipe organ in her church and sings because she loves to sing. Although she takes part in many activities, she has always time to lend a helping hand. Her optimistic views on life no doubt come from her philosophy:

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."*



Carolyn is a girl whom every one likes because of her sweet disposition. She is full of the determination to complete what she has started and to do it the best she can. No wonder she is so versatile. Our efficient Carolyn plays the piano and pipe organ in her church and sings because she loves to sing. Although she takes part in many activities, she has always time to lend a helping hand. Her optimistic views on life no doubt come from her philosophy:

ELIZABETH HEIMBACH

Allentown, Pennsylvania

GRADUATE IN ART

The purpose of this article is to depict the magnificent qualities of a noble Senior. Raving about her would not exactly do her justice, you have to know Heimbach.

She it is whose most dominant characteristic is opposed to anything but the utmost frank sincerity. Therefore, leaving out any superfluous adjectives, we extend to her our un concealed admiration.

Heimbach does not consider the American Revolution the most glorious war ever fought, nor Allentown the most unique and worthwhile city. In other words, she is not provincial. She is alive and inquiring, a person well read, of charming manners, an asset to society, especially Mary Baldwin, and a loyal companion.





FRANKIE BEE HONAKER

Princeton, West Virginia

GRADUATE IN VIOLIN

Allow me to present Miss Frankie Honaker—the essence of daintiness and the quintessence of petiteness. In writing of her it is absolutely imperative that the dictionary be at hand to refer to for the correct forms of the superlatives. She reminds us of Titania, the Queen of the Fairies, and then again of the mischievous Puck and his tantalizing fun. Her approach is generally signified by the sound of a prissy little step, a head tossed up in the clouds, and a black case, almost as big as herself, tucked under her arm. For the most characteristic part of Frankie is her “fiddle” (she refuses to call it by any other name). One with such talent and ability and with a “fiddle” as her champion will never be forgotten by us.



MARY JANE LANGE

Churchville, Virginia

GRADUATE IN ART

Lovely brown hair with just a tinge of gold, blue eyes that twinkle merrily; a sunny disposition and a bright smile for everyone—that's Mary Lange.

I know it is proper to say lovely things about our worthy Seniors, but this is not mere blarney for the sake of being proper. And can she draw? A regular artist. Her work is excellent, so entirely original. But though talented and endowed with natural gifts, Mary is not conceited. To show how little she thinks of her crowning glory she is actually thinking of losing it. Ye gods! that such a thing should happen. Then we would be forced to hunt another title for her rather than “The Girl with the Beautiful Hair.”



ANNE MAY LORY

Charleston, West Virginia

GRADUATE IN PIANO, ORGAN

West Virginia must be an awfully nice state, for it seems to have some awfully nice people in it, as we have already found out from the sample sent us from there.

Anne is shy and modest to a certain degree, which, by the way, only makes her the more attractive. A blush is very becoming to her, and evidently she is aware of the fact. Be that as it may—Anne can play the piano with no little ease, and the organ is but a puppet in her hands. The Muse which endowed this little friend was certainly generous with her gifts. We hope she will continue her musical studies in the future.



ELIZABETH BROWNING
MacCONNELL

Salem, Virginia

GRADUATE IN ART

A quiet, sincere, and loyal friend is Elizabeth, and the possessor of a sweet and charming nature. Envious characteristics, are they not? We have not as yet mentioned her artistic ability, which is of that superior type that always gets you somewhere. As a room-mate, she is unexcelled! Enough said! However, we must add that Elizabeth is a good sport at anything and a good student in everything. Pardon me, I mean a good student in everything with any sense to it—which of course excludes geometry.

Elizabeth would like to study commercial art in New York next winter. Nothing would be too good for her, so we hope she gets her wish granted. But it will be a sad loss to Mary Baldwin when she leaves us.





SARAH BALDWIN MARTIN

Macon, Georgia

GRADUATE IN ART

*"What's in a name? that which we
call a rose
By any other name would smell as
sweet:
So Sarah would, were she not Sarah
called,
Retain that dear perfection
Which she owns without a title."*

Perhaps Mary Baldwin has never before had a girl who will leave just the unique influence which Sarah will undoubtedly leave behind her.

She has a quiet method of working: a slight air of detachment, and yet is a perfect companion. Her deep-rooted sympathy, her slow, drawing voice, and her dreamy attitude—all of these have placed Sarah in the coveted position which she holds among us. The Y. W. are wondering who will so efficiently handle their money next year, and the studio pupils are bewailing her departure from their midst.



ELIZABETH ADAMS RAGAN

Gastonia, North Carolina

GRADUATE IN EXPRESSION

First in fun, first in sympathy, first in the hearts of her classmates, Ragan is the rightful possessor of George's thus modified title. Eager as a child beaming with delight over a prospective visit, she has captivated us one and all. Clever and entertaining to listen to—(for you know she just must talk)—you are busy watching her eyes, her features as they follow her every line on thought. This also applies to her stage declamations, for "Expressing" is Ragan's most "frantic" accomplishment.

Ragan has sympathy, that all-important item in an attractive personality. In fact Nature has graciously endowed her with an abundance of both abstract and concrete qualities so that she is well equipped as an "excellent" Senior.



EMILY VIRGINIA RAMSEY

Front Royal, Virginia

GRADUATE IN EXPRESSION

Emily proves the adage that good things come in small packages. She's little of stature, but massive of mind. When Emily begins to "Express" (as Ragan says) why the rest of us keep quiet and listen. Such poise was never equalled by Cicero mounted on the rostrum.

But "Expressing" is not all that Emily does. She is tremendously interested in psychology. At present she is considering a course at John's Hopkins for further study in that interesting new science. Whether she decides to resume her studies or whether she chooses the more romantic future—which we can all testify is in store for her—there is only a brilliant career awaiting this little classmate.



ELSIE MATHILDA ROSENBERGER

Winchester, Virginia

GRADUATE IN PIANO AND ORGAN

It shouldn't be hard to write about Elsie, a girl with so many splendid qualities; her striking type of beauty, her gift of music, her charm of personality and strength of purpose—all the elements that go to the making up of a harmoniously rounded character. Yet this, paradoxically enough, is where the difficulty rises; for a well rounded character, like a sphere, is a difficult and elusive thing to grasp.

"Where the stream runneth smoothest
The water is deepest."

She reminds us of her own organ music, with massive depths and ecstatic heights, yet all under perfect control; the effect of neither key nor score, but of an intangible something in the musician. And surely it is not merely association that makes us feel the presence of fine harmonies when we think of Elsie.





ELIZABETH CARROLL SMITH

New York City

GRADUATE IN EXPRESSION

Who at Mary Baldwin needs to be introduced to Carroll? Surely we Seniors would never have gotten along without her. Carroll is so good-natured (she would have to be considering who she rooms with). Her cheerful countenance and happy disposition have succeeded in rescuing us Seniors from many threatened cases of blues. Though quiet and unassuming, we can always depend on Carroll. She is the kind that always understands and is ready to help.

Who in school doesn't like to hear Carroll recite? Why, with a few words she can transport us into a gay fairyland of elves and fairies. The realization of her heart's desire is the wish we make for one of our most loved, most admired, and most gifted Seniors.



ELIZABETH BYRD VENABLE

Chattanooga, Tennessee

GRADUATE IN ART

Byrd has the distinction of being the only minister's daughter in the class. Yet she claims even a still greater distinction in that of an artist. Art just expresses Byrd, down to the tips of her sensitive fingers. She moves among us, quaint and whimsical, with the face of some old miniature. A more good-natured individual could never be found—for who can imagine Byrd not in the best of humor? A thoughtful person and true friend is this warm-hearted lass. She works with enthusiasm whether designing costumes for "The Music Box Revue" or laboring over an intricate poster for Y. W. The very soul of sympathy and unselfishness, she has won a warm place in the hearts of us all.



HELEN CLAYTON WALTHOUR

Savannah, Georgia

GRADUATE IN ART

Helen, the Jazz Hound, Helen, the banjo banger, Helen the toe dancer, and (last but not least) Helen, the artist. We are exhausted from relating the merits of so talented and versatile a creature. Attractive from the top of her sleek black hair to the toe of her tiny slipper, is Helen.

Helen wants to study some more, but she's weary of being confined in a mere school. So she is planning to spend next winter in the Metropolis, live in an apartment, and be associated with several studios.

Perhaps that will be a fitting environment for her, but we feel that Mary Baldwin has first claim on her and at present, "She is our own and we are rich in havin' such a jewel."



Class Song

TUNE—"Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"

Our school days have ended, as they will do,
And our parting hour draws nigh.
We sorrow at leaving comrades true—
The pals of days gone by.
The world will need the best we can do,
So we must not delay longer here,
But each must say, though it cost a tear,
Farewell, Classmates, farewell.

Farewell to the days that are past and gone,
The dearest days I know,
Each memory of our school days here
Shall live on forevermore.
The voyage of life has just begun,
Our fortunes we must find,
So with tear-dimmed eyes we'll say our goodbyes
To the friends that we leave behind.

As we stand on the brink of the river of life
And gaze on an unknown sea,
We gather courage to buffet the tide
For our craft well-mildred be.
As the years drift on and we try to find
Every joy that a life may hold,
We'll turn the pages of memory
To our school days of old.



College Specials

By E. RAMSEY

- C—Can she play a fiddle? Frankie, I mean—
Yes, she can, what's more she's keen.
- O—Oh, for words to describe our President Ragan,
Who's done everything for us, even down to beggin'.
- L—Lange (Mary)'ll not sink to the vulgar mart
For she has devoted her life to art.
- L—Look at that stunning brunette over there,
It's Elsie, you know, by her black curly hair.
- E—E. Brown, graduating in piano and voice,
Should surely find many careers of her choice.
- G—Great are the praises Wathour has won
For her many charms have not escaped one.
- E—Elizabeth Heimbach has gifts all her own,
Besides art—in society she's quite at home.
- S—Smith, oh, yes, Carroll, jolly and gay
May she get Brown some sunny day.
- P—Perhaps you know Betsy, a senior in Prep,
As well as in art, she's not carelessly slept.
- E—Exactly! The wizard you heard was Anne Lory,
For playing is her crowning glory.
- C—Can't you imagine artist Elsie, sitting there,
As the model herself with those eyes, that hair!
- I—In conquering art, piano, and organ, J. Brand,
Holds great mystic worlds in her capable hand.
- A—Always on hand when we're at wits end,
Here's to Byrd, ever helpful friend.
- L—Lest we forget Bivens in her far-away state,
Let's have a reunion at some early date.
- S—Sarah Martin comes from the sunny South-land,
The girl with the skillful and helpful hand.
- '2—2x11 are 22.
Best luck in the world, Caroline, to you,
- 6—6x0 is zero you see—
And that zero is little me.



AS THE GODS DECREED



ARTISTS' COLONY



THE FIDDLER



EXPRESSMEN



OUR CHERUB



EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES



UNITOLY THREE

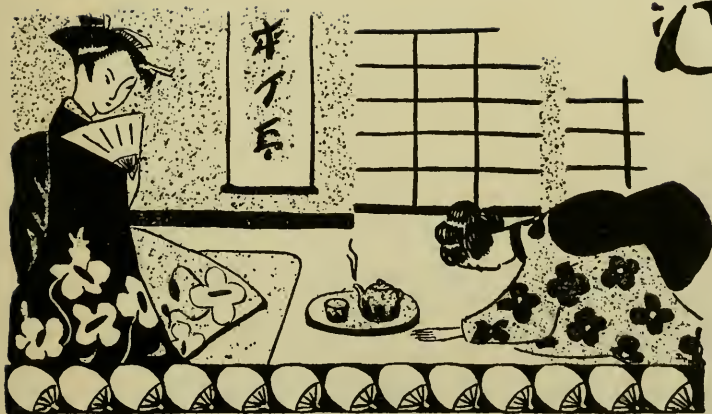


INNOCENTS ABROAD

"I'VE TAKEN MY FUN WHERE I'VE FOUND IT"

ミカド様

ミカド様



Mankind may all acclaim her!

—THE MIKADO— GILBERT



Domestic Science Seniors

MOTTO

"The mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world homelike."

AIM

To attain efficiency; to add to it self-control; and to gain poise.

AMBITION

To do something each day to make some one a little happier.

CLASS OFFICERS

We need have only one officer—

MISS MORSE

AS WE KNOW OURSELVES

EVELYN CARHART

"Wearing all that weight of learning, lightly, like a flower."

NELL GWYN

"We find big things are made of little things."

MARY HODGE

"Sleep first; work last."

KATHERINE HUFF

*"She loves to laugh, she loves to walk,
And oh! good night! she loves to talk!"*

CARTER JAUDON

"If she will, she will; you may depend on that."

LAURETTA KITCHEN

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

IOLA KIRBY

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

MARY RATCHFORD

"I will not feel the weight of any failure until it actually arrives."

RUTH THOMPSON

"Haste breeds delay."

MARY WAGAMAN

"Live, and learn."

VIRGINIA WALTHOUR

"'Tis hard to know, and yet keep silent."

MARY WHITE

"Quiet people are welcome everywhere."



E. CARHART



D. WALTHER



L. KITCHIN



M. WHITE



H. HUFF



M. DODGE



R. THOMPSON



L. KIRBY



C. AUDEN



M. BROWN



M. THOMPSON



M. KITCHIN

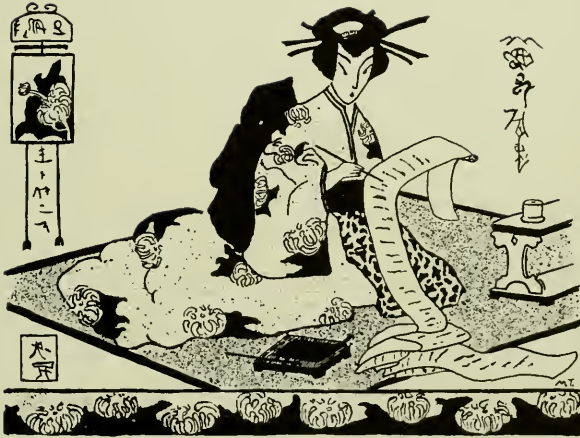
DOMESTIC
SCIENCE



Planning and Cooking Dinners in Sky-High



意に任せてはならぬ ことわざ



Purposing without performing is mere folly.

—JAPANESE PROVERB

SECRETARIAL

E. M. JOE

E. C. JOHNSON

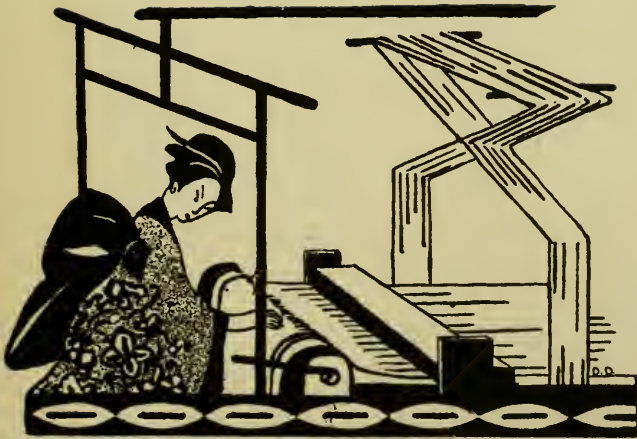
J. M. JOHNSON

E. M. JOE

E. C. JOHNSON

J. M. JOHNSON

THE MAIDEN FAIR



Deck the maiden fair
In her loveliness . . .

—THE MIKADO—GILBERT

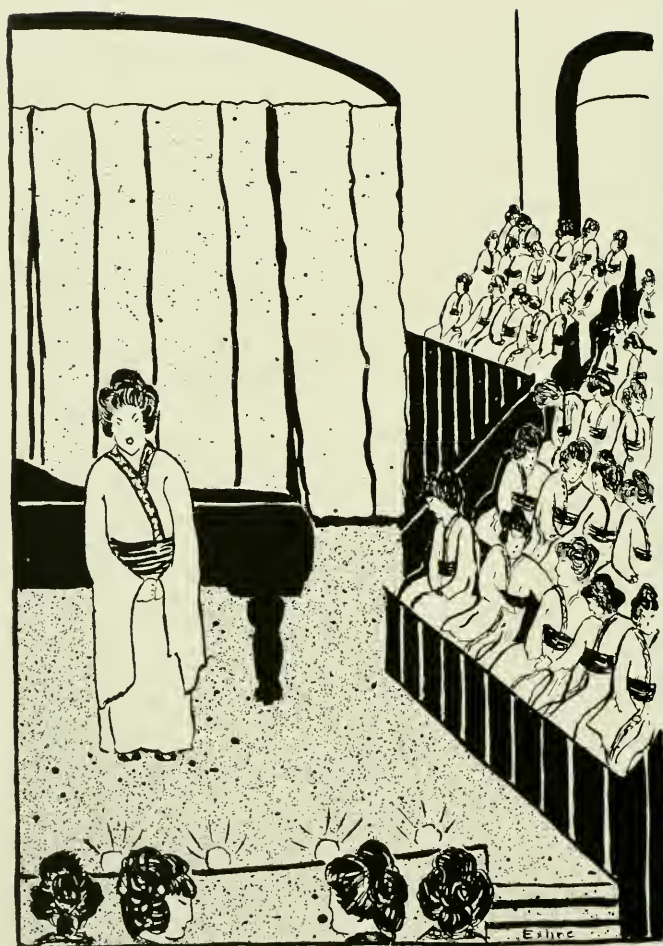


College Specials

ANNE ALVIS
JESSIE ANDERSON
JULIA BALL
MARY AURELIA BARTON
GARNETT BROWN
ELLEN BURKHOLDER
HELEN BUSSEY
MARY CAMPBELL
EVELYN CARHART
VIRGINIA CECIL
ALMA CLARK
RUTH COHRON
SALLIE CROUSE
VIRGINIA DAVIDSON
NELL GYWN
LUCILLE HAMILTON
VIRGINIA HAMNER
MARY BOONE HAWPE
CARTER JAUDON
ELIZABETH KINGMAN
IOLA KIRBY
LAURETTA KITCHEN
HALLIE LATTA
VIRGINIA LEAP
JANE LOREMAN
ANNIE B. McCLAIN
VIVIAN MASTERSON
KATHARINE PERRY
JULIA LOUISE PETERS
ROBENA LYNE MARSHALL PRICE
MARY FRANCES RATCHFORD
EDITH MERRILL ROACHE
JANE CLARK ROBERTS
MILDRED CRAVEN ROBERTS
LOIS ELAINE SCHOONOVER
HELEN TRAVIS STRONG



COLLEGE SPECIALS



"MY VOICE WAS ALL TREMBLY"
(From a Diary of a Japanese School Girl)

下町

下町



With joyous shout and ringing cheer
Inaugurate our brief career.

—THE MIKADO—GILBERT



Fourth Year Preparatory



Miss FANNIE STRAUSS
Honorary Member

OFFICERS

LOIS FOOTE	<i>President</i>
MARY LINTON WALTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAE VAN WAGENEN	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
JEAN HAYNES	<i>Chairman of Entertainment Committee</i>
MISS FANNIE STRAUSS	<i>Honorary Member</i>

MOTTO

Dux femina facti

FLOWER

Larkspur

COLORS

Sapphire and Silver

MEMBERS

LAURA BROWN	"Thanks for the Buggy Ride"
MARY FRANCES COOKE	"Alabama Bound"
LOIS FOOTE	"Yankee Doodle"
JEAN HAYNES	"Dixie"
ELIZABETH JOHNSON	"I'm a Tarheel Born"
ELISABATH MACCONNELL	"That Certain Party"
VIRGINIA ROOSA	"Show Me the Way to Go Home"
JANET STOCKTON	"O! Look at Those Eyes"
VIOLA SYMONS	"Roll 'Em, Girls"
MAY VAN WAGENEN	"I'm Knee-Deep in Daisies and Head Over Heels in Love"
MARY LINTON WALTON	"Atways"
ELIZABETH WEIDNER	"The West Virginia Hills"



FOURTH YEAR PREPARATORY



“The Story of a Short Life”



STRANGER walking within our walls calls to see the Senior class—of course the College Seniors leap forward with a bound, the Seminary Specials are *the* Seniors too, so up they bob, then with all the blasé airs of the real thing we rush to the front, only to be told—“Go back, you’re fourth year prep students!” So there, we are just prep school students.

One afternoon before the Christmas holidays we met with Miss Higgins in the girls’ parlor and it was then that we came into existence—not much, I grant you—but just us! We bestowed the honor of being the first president of the class upon Lois Foote, and it has been with great dignity that she has held sway from her throne (Miss Fannie’s desk). Then the necessary evil of a vice-president was embodied in Mary Linton Walton. Mae Van Wagenen having displayed her talent for writing letters, became our secretary and treasurer.

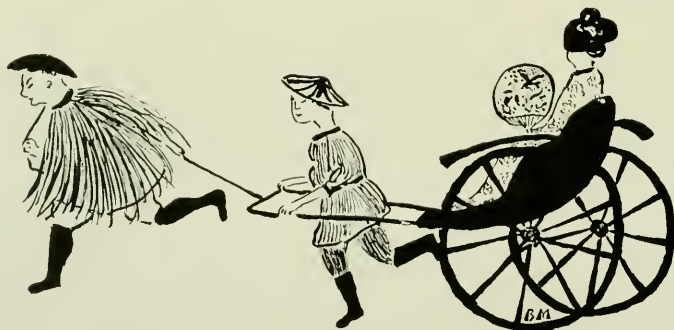
We unanimously—there was no question about it—elected Miss Fannie Strauss for our Class Patron. We certainly hope she felt half the honor in receiving this office as we did in bestowing it.

All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl, so every now and then we donned our glad rags and stepped out. Miss Fannie Strauss has given us two lovely parties at her house and once we entertained the Seminary Seniors. We took them to the movies then to Miss Fannie’s afterwards.

Mary Linton gave us a supper at her house. Miss Higgins was there as the guest of honor.

Then, too, we entertained our patron at the Rosemary Tea Shop. More fun and still much more to eat!

“The woman is the leader of the deed.” This somewhat high-sounding motto may seem inappropriate for a class whose aspirations so far seem to have been centered about a good time for ourselves, but we hope that our members may yet deserve a position in the front rank of college seniors.





EVOLUTION



SWEET GIRL GRADUATES



EAST OF SUEZ



DOWN GRADE



AND THE MASCOT



CURRENT EVENTS



THIRD YEAR PREPARATORY



Third Year

ELIZABETH KATHLEEN ALBIN
ROSE LABMANN ALKINS
JULIA VIRGINIA BARBER
VICTORIA LOUISE BERGMAN
ELIZABETH GOWANLOCK BROOME
MARY TOMLIN BRAXTON
HELEN ELIZABETH CARLETON
REBECCA CONSTABLE
JANE FRAZER CONSTABLE
NANCY DEARING DAY
GRACE LUNSFORD FRIEND
JUDITH GORDON
DOROTHY ELOISE HAMEL
ARLENE ENGART HARMAN
MARY MARGARET HARRIS
BETTY LAWSON HENDERSON
LAVAUNE A. HOFFMAN HOYE
JOSEPHINE HULL
ELIZABETH LEE HUNT
THEO LEAVITT JOHNSTON
ALMA TROUT JORDAN
MARTHA MCDAVID
MARTHA OLIVE MCKEE
NAOMI MORAN
MARY MOORE PANCAKE
SARA FRANCES RALSTON
RUTH REED
PRISCILLA ALDEN ROBINSON
BESSIE RINEHART STOKES
BEATRICE ELINOR STONE
ANNE RADFORD TROT
VIRGINIA S. WALKER
EUNICE WILLIAMS
REBECCA BRAND WILLIAMS
VIRGINIA KIRKWOOD WOOD
PAULINE WOODWARD



Second Year

IDA LEE BENSON
DORIS HELEN BROWN
LAURA McCLUNG BURROW
ELSIE FLORENCE CARLETON
LEOLA VIRGINIA CLATTERBAUGH
MARGARET KERR CLEMMER
FRANCES LOUISE CRAFTON
LOUISE DUNOVANT
ISABEL ANDERSON FLIPPIN
SUSAN BARRET GILL
EUGENIA HARMAN
MARY LOU HARRIS
MARY BRUCE HARVEY
LAURA LANIER HOPSON
LENA McADEN
HELEN DOUTY McLEAN
MILDRED BEVERLY MOUNTCASTLE
DOROTHY RUMPF
MARY GRAY SILVER
MARTHA GWATHMEY WALTERS



SECOND YEAR PREPARATORY



FIRST YEAR PREPARATORY



First Year

ALENE ELIZABETH BREWSTER
MARY GILKESON BLACKLEY
JULIET LYLE BROOKE BOND
MARGARET LOUISE DEMUND
DOROTHY MARIE EISENBERG
MARGUERITE LYLE FULTZ
BERTHA BARRON GOODMAN
VIRGINIA BLENNER GRAHAM
LUCILE OLIVIA GRASY
ALICE CLEMENCE HARMAN
MARGARET LOUISE JORDAN
CORNELIA TAYLOR QUARLES
AMY JANE WILSON



Preparatory Specials

MARGARET SIMPKINS BAKER	ANNE ELIZABETH MACDONALD
MARY REBECCA BAYLOR	BETSY MCALISTER
WILLIE MAE BENSON	MARIE MCCLUNG
ADELE BERGER	MARGUERITE MARY MATTHEWS
JANET BERGER	LOUISE FRANCES MITCHELL
AGNES BOXLEY	MINNIE MITCHELL
BETTY BOWMAN	MARJORIE MOWER
MARGARET VINCENT BUDDY	VIRGINIA NEWBERRY
ELOISE BURTON	MARY FRANCES PERRY
MARY GRANLEY CLAPP	PAULINE PRESTON PHIPPS
MARY VIRGINIA COBLENTZ	HELEN ADELE POINDEXTER
LUCILLE CRAIG	CHARLOTTE JOSEPHINE QUILLIN
MARY ARTIS DANNER	ELIZABETH MAXWELL RAMSEY
DOROTHEA DILS	JULIA REED ROSBOROUGH
ALICE FOOTER	MARIE NICHOLA SELLERS
PHYLLIS GLISON	VELMA LEE SPITLER
MARY GRASTY	ELIZABETH LOUISA SULLIVAN
ELINOR HACKLEY	JOSEPHINE DENT SYMONS
ELIZABETH NICHOLAS HOLLADAY	ANNIE GERTRUDE TABB
MARY WILSON HAMILTON	HELEN TAGGART
FLETA HAMRICK	DIXIE ALEXANDER TAYLOR
MABEL HENEBERGER	IRMA LEE THOMAS
BETTY HENDERSON	MARY ISABEL THOMAS
RUBY HESLEP	DOROTHY RUTH THOMPSON
ELIZABETH HESSER	CAROLINE ARNOLD THRIFT
MARY HODGE	MILDRED LEE TOWNLEY
PAULINE STEELE HOTINGER	MARY CORDELIA WAGAMAN
KATHERINE HUFF	VIRGINIA CLAYTON WALTHOUR
FLORENCE JOHNSON	PATTIE MAE WATSON
JEAN KARR	MARY ELLA WEADE
JANE ELIZABETH KINARD	JAMIE WEBB
JESSIE KIRTNER	MARY WOODFIN WHITE
ELIZABETH KING LA ROWE	JESSIKA ATHERTON WRIGHT
MILDRED LOEWNER	RENA MILLS YATES
ELIZABETH LYNN	ANNA GABRIEL YOUNG



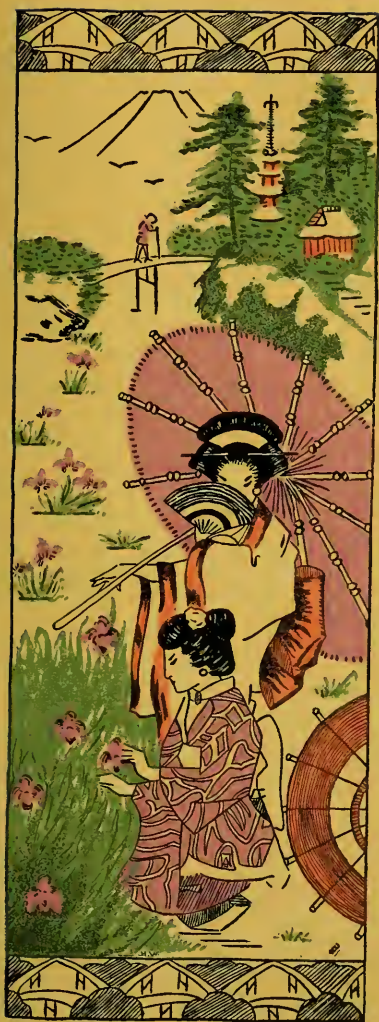
PREPARATORY SPECIALS



Prep Prattle

Why need the inhabitants of McClung never be hungry?
There's always a BAKER there.
How can they afford to pay for her wares?
There's always SILVER on the second floor.
What would they do if one were missing?
There would always be a HUNT.
How could they see to search?
There's never night, but always DAY.
Who would help them?
GRACE, always a FRIEND.
Who is the most noisy girl in school?
Combination of TOOTLES and CLAPP.
The sourest?
DILLS.
The worst-tempered?
CORNELIA, always QUARLES.
The most athletic?
FOOTER.
What does she use?
FOOTE.
And never uses?
KARR.
Who is the most popular girl in school?
POLLY, everybody's BUDDY.
What is the breathing apparatus of a fish?
GILL.
Why is lower Hilltop the most orderly hall?
There are two CONSTABLES to keep the peace.
Why might we expect Memorial to be the laziest place in school?
There's always a HOLLADAY there.
When were the laws of gravity broken?
When a STONE felt at home in the air.

The Echoes of our Festival Shall Rise Triumphant over all. —THE MIKADO—GILBERT



The echoes of our festival
 Shall rise triumphant over all.

—THE MIKADO—GILBERT

福

THE GAY JAPANESE



A source of innocent merriment!

—THE MIKADO—GILBERT



Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS

MARY TERRELL	<i>President</i>
MARGARET SCOTT	<i>Vice-President</i>
SARAH MARTIN	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELIZABETH LYNN	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
MARGARET WARD	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
MISS MONTGOMERY	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

CHAIRMEN AND COMMITTEES

MUSIC

MARGUERITE DUNTON, *Chairman*
VIRGINIA BIVENS
ELIZABETH BROWN
VIRGINIA CECIL
ELISE GIBSON
MARTHA JOHNSON
NETTIE JUNKIN
IOLA KIRBY
HALLIE LATTA
MILDRED LOEWNER
ELIZABETH LYNN
MARGARET PATTERSON
HELEN STRONG
LOIS WALKER

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ELIZABETH ROBERTS, *Chairman*
CLARA BEERY
ELIZABETH HUME
NETTIE JUNKIN
ELSIE ROSENBERGER

DEVOTIONAL

MARGARET PATTERSON, *Chairman*
MARGARET BOWEN
WILHELMINA ESKRIDGE
KATHARINE SEE
CAROLINE WOOD

FINANCE

ELEANOR ADAMS, *Chairman*
MARGARET BUDDY
PHYLIS GLISAN
LUCILE GORIN
ELIZABETH JOHNSON
RUTH THOMPSON

ROOM

ALICE MCCABE, *Chairman*
DOROTHY RUMPF
JULIA REED ROSBOROUGH
JULIA BALL
FLORENCE BANTLY

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MARY THOMAS
MARJORIE TROTTER
ELIZABETH KNIGHT
REBECCA WHITE

PUBLICITY

ELISE CORNMAN, *Chairman*
HELEN WIGGINGTON
BYRD VENABLE
MARY CLAPP
ELINOR HACKLEY
HELEN WALTHOUR

STUDENT FELLOWSHIP

ELIZABETH RAGAN, *Chairman*
JEAN HAYNES
JANIE ROBERTS
IOLA KIRBY
SARAH MARTIN
JOSEPHINE SYMONS
HELEN STRONG
ELIZABETH MACCONNELL
MISSOURI MILLER

RECREATION

HELEN WALTHOUR, *Chairman*
ISABEL FLIPPIN
MARTHA McDAVID
LENA McADEN
ANN MACDONALD
MILDRED ROBERTS

SOCIAL

ELIZABETH HEIMBACH, *Chairman*
CATHERINE MACDONALD
KATHERINE HUFF
MARY WAGAMAN
IOLA KIRBY
VIRGINIA WALTHOUR

SOCIAL SERVICE

HALLIE LATTA, *Chairman*
LOIS SCHOONOVER
EDITH ROACHE
AGNES BOXLEY





ENTRANCE



PROGRAM



MUSIC



PUBLICITY



DEVOTIONAL



ROOM



WORLD FELLOWSHIP



SOCIAL SERVICE



RECREATION

Y. W. C. A. COMMITTEES



The Story of the "Y. W." in Mary Baldwin



CONSIDERING first the spiritual side of our triangle, the Association tries very hard to further the development of that phase of our life. Every Thursday Miss Higgins reads at breakfast a notice that Morning Watch will be held in the Girls' Parlor immediately afterward. This is a few minutes of devotional "deep breathing" that fits us better for the tasks of the day. The regular meetings of the Y. W. are held after supper on Sunday nights. Often, when the soft, warm twilight of spring and early summer

permit it, we have a hillside vesper service.

To understand the needs of students of other lands and to create a vital interest in their problems has a prominent part on our programs. We also try to arouse a deep intellectual conviction that we can further the upward march of mankind, "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

A wonderful spirit of co-operation is shown the program committee by the entire school. Seldom has a girl been asked to take part in the service and refused. The music department contributes selections by the choir, solos and duets; the expression department supplies us with a wealth of well-trained readers.

Our social program has two ends, others and ourselves. The means to these ends are the Social and the Entertainment Committees. Every Saturday upon which some organization is not serving a chicken salad tea, or local talent is not disporting itself on the stage, the Entertainment Committee sees to it that music and song float up from the old gymnasium.

When the hungry cry of the little negroes at the orphanage just outside of Staunton reached our ears, we just had to respond. You should have seen the little darkies when we took them the big Thanksgiving boxes, collected by contributions from every girl in school who received a box of delectable provisions for Thanksgiving. They could hardly wait for our backs to be turned before they "dived in."

But the rôle we most delight to fill is that of Santa Claus. You should see the cabinet girls filling the stockings for some of the needy families

lies in Staunton a few days before our Christmas holidays commence. We have a little girl whose education we take care of at the Crossmore school for whom we also enjoy playing this old and honorable rôle.

Another thing connected with this Christmas atmosphere is the caroling. On





the last day before Christmas vacation the Y. W. Choir, assisted lustily by the cabinet, arises before daylight and hurries to the waiting bus. For once during the year S. M. A. is awakened by a chorus of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" instead of the more militant bugle. We serenade the town, filling the air with Christmas anthems and ourselves with Christmas joy.

To our sick and way-worn members, the Social Committee carries flowers and magazines to brighten their stay in the infirmary.

Behind all these services of the association is the Y. W. C. A. cabinet composed of the chairmen of the different committees and the officers of the association. Every Tuesday we meet to talk over the problems of the school and decide

how we can serve best the needs of the girls and the way in which, in our very small way, we can serve the world. Always behind the efforts of the cabinet is Miss Montgomery. We would be lost without her advice and without her efforts to "put over" everything we undertake.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

Left to Right: Seated—H. Latta, M. Patterson, E. Ragan, H. Walthour, M. Scott, Miss Montgomery, Faculty Adviser; M. Ward, E. Roberts, E. Hiembach, A. McCabe, E. Cornman. Standing—C. Smith, E. Lynn, S. Martin, E. Adams, M. Terrell, M. Dunton.



Cotillion Club



Left to Right, First Row—F. Honaker, H. Strong, D. Wright, P. Gilsan, V. Walthour, L. Gorin, A. Macdonald, D. Rumpf, J. R. Roshorough, E. Johnson, C. Jaudon, M. F. Cooke, C. Brand.

Second Row—E. MacConnell, L. Foote, V. Wood, J. Haynes, M. Tully, M. Johnson, M. Lynn, M. Baker, L. McAden, J. Hull, M. Roberts, M. McDavid, M. B. Harvey, I. Flippin.

Third Row—M. Wagaman, D. Wigginton, E. Holladay, J. Peters, B. Henderson, H. Wigginton, L. Schoonover, S. White, M. Hood, M. Terrell, T. Johnston, H. Latta, E. Ragan, M. Ward, Miss Morse, Faculty Adviser; S. Martin, E. Heimbach, M. Dunton, E. Adams, R. Thompson, A. Boxley, B. Venable, H. Walthour, D. Exline, K. Huff, A. Seal, L. Thomas, C. Smith, C. Wood, C. Macdonald.

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH HEIMBACH*President*
 ELIZABETH RAGAN*Secretary and Treasurer*
 MISS LYDIA MORSE*Faculty Advisor*

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

ELIZABETH HEIMBACH

ELIZABETH RAGAN

ELIZABETH ROBERTS

MARGARET WARD

RECEPTION OF NEW MEMBERS

September and March

DANCES

September 1925

February 1926—Script Dance

May 1926



Choral Club



Left to Right—P. Watson, L. McAden, E. Ramsey, N. Junkin, E. Brown, J. Wright, V. Cecil, E. Richardson, A. Young, M. Dunton, H. Latta, M. Patterson, M. Anderson, F. Bondurant, B. Martin, M. Henberger, V. Newberry, M. W. Eldred, C. Smith, I. Kirby, E. Lynn, J. R. Rosborough, M. McDavid, H. Strong.

OFFICERS

MISS HELEN IRWIN *Director*
MISS PEARLE KEISTER *Accompanist*

FIRST SOPRANO

Elizabeth Brown, Frances Bondurant, Lucille Craig, Virginia Cecil, Marguerite Dunton, Elise Gibson, Martha Johnson, Iola Kirby, Elizabeth Lynn, Hallie Latta, Mildred Lowener, Blanche Martin, Virginia Newberry, Margaret Patterson, Elizabeth Ramsey, Carroll Smith, Helen Strong, Pattie Watson, Mary Campbell, Mary W. Eldred, Elizabeth Richardson, Helenora Withers

SECOND SOPRANO

Marion Anderson, Anna Young, Mahel Henberger, Mary Gray Silver, Lena McAden, Martha McDavid, Edith Roach, Julia Reid Rosborough, Ruth Stone, Jessica Wright

ALTOS

Nettie Junkin, Lois Walker

NUMBERS

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT—Negro Spiritual	H. T. Burleigh
GOD IN NATURE	L. Van Beethoven
TO A WILD ROSE	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div> arr. Paul Ambrose Edward MacDowell Herman Hagerdorn </div> </div>
WHEN TWILIGHT WEAVES	Beethoven
BOBOLINK	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div> arr. Gena Branscombe Waller House Jones Ella Gilbert Ives </div> </div>
AMERICA TRIUMPHANT	Clifford Denarest



The Sock and Buskin Club



Left to Right, seated—E. G. Hume, M. Bowen, C. Beery, M. J. Bass, Mrs. Teague, faculty member; L. Hopson, M. Roberts, A. Macdonald, L. Schoonover, M. Mathews.

In Action—E. Hollis, E. Ragan, A. Boxley, R. Messick, E. Adams, E. Knight, E. Ramsey.

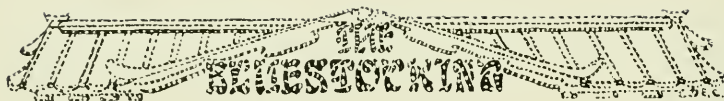
ELEANOR ADAMS	President
CARROLL SMITH	Secretary-Treasurer
MRS. BERTHA N. TEAGUE	Honorary Member

*"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."
—"As You Like It"—SHAKESPEARE.*

We are born with dramatic instinct. This instinct enables us to forget ourselves, and to enter into a sympathetic understanding of life and human beings. If this natural impulse is not smothered or crushed in early life, it empowers us to enjoy more fully the world in which we live and to understand more clearly the motive and character of others.

The purpose of *The Sock and Buskin Club* is to develop dramatic thinking, imagination, and vocal expression through the study and presentation of plays with literary value.

The club meets weekly, at which time there are informal readings, lectures, poetry recitals, and sketches from life. To aid in a broader, deeper appreciation of literature and life is the primary aim of the Expression course—and *The Sock and Buskin Club* provides the means toward that advancement.



Red Headed Club



From Left to Right—P. Watson, C. Quillen, C. Brand, M. Ward, President; Mr. King, Honorary Member, M. Evans, M. Clapp, E. Lynn, J. Gordon.

The Song of the Club and the King

A tale of the ages olden;
Of a castle within a town
Where dwelt maidens with tresses golden
And tresses raven and brown.

But one fact my soul distresses,
For ever, early and late,
The damsels with crimson tresses
In sorrow bewailed their fate.

But to these of the locks of scarlet
Did fortune a rescue bring;
And he proved not page nor varlet
But his majesty, the King!

He showed them his special favor;
Nor do they count it the least
That they still remember the flavor
Of their friend's most royal feast.

And so, with the highest clation,
The red-haired maidens sing
In the deepest appreciation,
"Vive le Roi! Mr. King!"

天下無難事



Information I'm requesting
 On a subject interesting:
 Is a maiden better when she's tough?

—THE MIKADO—GILBERT



D. EXLINE



D. MCGOWAN



D. FOULLY



MISS POTTER



R. STANGE



L. MCADEN



M. HOOD

ATHLETIC

CROSS

Handwritten notes:
D. McGowan
D. Foully
R. Stange
L. McAden
M. Hood



Yelling Yellows



Whooping Whites



Basketball - Yellow Team



R. Stone, *Guard*; M. Anderson, *Center*; M. Scott, *Forward*; C. Jaudon, *Forward*;
E. G. Hume, *Guard*; M. Patterson, *S' Center (C)*

October 3—Saturday Morning
Annual Organization of Athletic
Association

November 11—Wednesday Night
Lena McAden, Martha Hood, Ruth Stone
elected to the Council

November 19—Thursday Night
Entertained New Council Members

November 20—Friday Night
Maurine Tully elected Secretary and
Treasurer

November 27—Thursday Morning
Thanksgiving Basketball Game won by
"Yellows"

December 3—Saturday Night
Basketball Game won by "Whites"

December 10—Thursday Night
Final Basketball Game won by "Yellows"





Basketball - White Team



E. Hume, *Guard*; M. Matthews, *Forward*; L. Walker, *Center*; M. Johnson, *Forward*;
B. Henderson, *S. Center*; D. Exline, *Guard (C)*

January 27—Wednesday Night
Council Entertained Basketball Squads

February 12—Thursday Night
Council-Cabinet Banquet and Entertainment

March 3—Wednesday Night
Martha Johnson and Rebecca White
elected to the Council

March 4—Thursday Night
Entertained New Members

March 20—Saturday Morning
First Spring Hike to Highland Park

March 22—Monday Morning
Presentation of M. B. C. Pillow to
Katharine See for the Best College Song

April 1—Thursday Night
Basketball Banquet and Presentation of
Gold Basketballs to First Team Members





Swimming Pool



Pyramids



Setting-up Exercises, 7:20 a. m.



M. J. Bass

Mary Baldwin won the Basketball Free Throw Tournament, which originated in North Carolina three years ago, for the city of Staunton. This is the first year girls were allowed to enter in the contest. The senior division (16 years and over) was won by M. J. Bass; the junior division (under 16 years) was won by A. Harmon.

M. J. Bass threw
36 out of 60
A. Harmon threw
25 out of 45



A. Harmon



HOCKEY



HELEN AND SUZANNE



AT THE FARM



GYM-WARD BOUND



YELLOW SECOND TEAM

PHYSICALLY FIT

万葉集 万葉集



Prepare yourself for news surprising!
 —THE MIKADO—GILBERT



The Bluestocking Staff

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HELEN WIGGINTON	Assistant Art Editor
ELISE GRAY HUME	Kodak Editor
DOROTHY EXLINE	Athletic Editor
MAURINE TULLY	Joke Editor
FLORENCE BANTLEY	Asisstant Joke Editor

MISS ALICE D. PRICE

Faculty Adviser





The Bluestocking

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MRS. BEAN }
MRS. BOSCAWEN } Members of the S. U. F. W. C.
MRS. VACEY }
MR. BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET The Lecturer for the evening
TIME—Middle eighteenth century.

(The ladies enter, greet each other with dignity, seat themselves. Mrs. Montague rises, fumbles with a paper, and proceeds to read it in correct declamatory style.)

MRS. MONTAGUE: Members of the Society for the Uplift of Female Wit and Conversation, let us endeavor to maintain before us our lofty object. I have thus addressed you, not as gentlemen are accustomed to do as members of the frailer though fairer sex, because against this our very aim raises protest. For we have thus banded together to prove the worth of our sex; to rescue

“Conversation’s setting light,

Half obscur’d in Gothic night,”

and to elevate the thoughts of our bosoms above those of the common herd.

(She reseats herself, amid polite applause.)

MRS. BEAN *(rising)*: Noble president of our order, we hail thee, a veritable Semiramis. Yet while these words fell from thine inspired lips, methought how sad that we alone should reap their benefit. And a thought awoke within me, whose very temerity makes the rose to bloom anew upon these virgin cheeks. Let us, members of the Society for the Uplift of Females, put these thoughts, the effusions of our pens, into a book, to prove forever the ascendancy of the female mind.

ALL *(awed)*: A book!

MRS. MONTAGUE: But what should we call it?

MRS. VACEY: Let’s ask Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet.

ALL: Oh, yes; Mr. Stillingfleet!

MRS. BOSCAWEN: Ah, the dear man! so charming; so original. My dear husband, Admiral Boscawen, remarked today, “What would you ladies do without the blue stockings?”

(The others are properly overcome with embarrassment. Mrs. Boscawen finally realizes her “faux pas,” and is momentarily subdued.)

MRS. VACEY *(deprecatingly)*: Oh, dear Amelia!

MRS. BEAN: Of course, we had noticed that he wears blue—that the shade of his—er—but nevertheless—

MRS. MONTAGUE: Ladies, let not the uplift of the mind cause us to forget female modesty to such an extent as to name in society the—the—nether covering of the person: though it is true that all have remarked the habitual color.



MRS. VACEY: So delightfully unconventional!

MRS. BEAN: But the book, the offspring of the muses?

ALL: Here comes Mr. Stillingfleet now!

(MR. STILLINGFLEET enters attired inconspicuously save for the—ahem!—hose, whose plebian shade he wears with dignity.)

MRS. MONTAGUE: MR. STILLINGFLEET, little did you dream that this evening would prove momentous in the annals of the race. Sir, we have determined to place before the public eye the flowerings of the quill, to fashion a frame for the inspiration of the Muses—in short, to write a book! But, good friend and counsellor, we are at a loss to determine what to christen this offspring of the mind.

MR. STILLINGFLEET: Ladies, I am moved by profound joy and by awe. But as to a name—

MRS. BOSCAWEN (uttering a shriek): A mouse! (She springs upon a chair, raising her petticoats high; the other ladies minutely follow her example.)

MR. STILLINGFLEET: Fairest members of the fair sex, what is the matter?

ALL: A mouse!

MR. STILLINGFLEET: Calm yourselves, ladies: I will effect a rescue. (He strikes the mouse with his cane, picks it up by the tail. Ladies shriek. MR. STILLINGFLEET bows and carries it out.)

ALL: What a hero!

MRS. BOSCAWEN: What should we do without the blue stockings!

(All suddenly look at each others'—er—limbs, and stare in amazement. All are wearing blue stockings!)

MR. STILLINGFLEET (re-entering): Now, ladies, as to a title—(sees their position, stops abruptly, gallantly turns his back.) Ladies, in my estimation, a worthy title would be, "The Bluestocking," and long may it flourish as a mouth-piece of female culture and talent.

(Exit)

MRS. MONTAGUE: "The Bluestocking" let it be. Members of the Society for the Elevation of Female Wit and Conversation, the meeting is adjourned.



"WHAT A HERO!"

"THE SOCIETY FOR THE UPLIFT OF FEMALES"



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Program

THE STAFF OF THE
MARY BALDWIN MISCELLANY

PRESENTS
THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS
March 13, at 7:30

"THE VERY NAKED BOY"

BY
STUART WALKER

CHARACTERS

He KATHARINE SEE
She NETTIE JUNKIN
The Boy JANE ROBERTS

SCENE—Halfway to a Proposal

"THE CROWNING GLORY"

BY
EDNA A. COLLAMORE

CHARACTERS

Miss Emily Harriman WILHELMINA ESKRIDGE
Guy—her nephew CAROLINE WOOD
Mrs. Sophia Meecham—Miss Emily's sister MARY THOMAS
Mrs. Alwilda Thayer—village gossip ELIZABETH HEIMBACH
Josephine SUSAN GILL
Dorothy Barclay AGNES BRAXTON

SCENE—Miss Emily's Kitchen

"COLUMBINE"

BY
COLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS

CHARACTERS

Minnie ELEANOR ADAMS
Sally BETSY KINGMAN

SCENE—Lodging House Bedroom



Prizes for *Bluestocking* Work

Best short story, offered by Palais Royal, won by

PHYLLIS HARPER GLISAN

Best poem, offered by Beverley Book Company, won by

MARY THOMAS

Best kodak picture, offered by H. L. Lang and Co., won by

MISSOURI MILLER

Best art work, offered by Mr. Thomas Hogshead, won by

BYRD VENABLE

First Honorable Mention

HELEN WALTHOUR

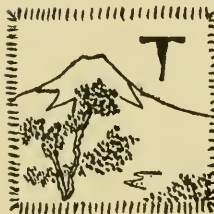
Second Honorable Mention

DOROTHY EXLINE



The Secret Garden

The Convent of the Sisters of Mercy,
Fontenay, France, October 17, 1915.



HIS is my thirteenth birthday. Ninon says I must put away childish things and become a woman, but it is so hard to grow up. Ninon is eighteen and has little brown, fluffy curls all over her head and smiling blue eyes. She is down at the end of the garden now, with gardener Michael, gathering the poppies, that the frost has not yet nipped. By and by she will fasten one in her hair where the curls are thickest. Yesterday I asked her if she were getting ready for the fairy prince, but she only threw a poppy at me and said I shouldn't bother my head about such things—But when I persisted and said that I would go out and hunt one for her, she answered, "Yvonne! There are no real princesses and princes. They only live in books." But I think she is wrong.

October 18th:

Ninon says that instead of trying to be a lady I have been a veritable "imp of Satan" today. It was raining when I woke up and my golden fairy did not come on his sunbeam, but instead a little gray gnome came in through my bedroom window on a raindrop. He always comes on rainy days and makes me feel all bad inside. At breakfast he told me to put salt in Ninon's porridge and now he is laughing at me from the corner and daring me to make faces at Céline. Horrid girl! She says my hair curls like the tail of Michael's pig.

This afternoon the Curé came to hear Céline and me recite Catechism. I hate it and told him so, and he was so horrified that he punished me by making me write poetry—That silly stuff! I can see no sense in it! So this is what I wrote:

THE CURÉ

He has squinty eyes and a turned up nose,
And queer, it is always as red as a rose.
He is sure to come here every day
He stays for lunch and then he'll pray.

He nearly boxed my ears, but I was too quick for him and ran out of the room. Ninon says she hopes the sun will shine tomorrow so that my fairy will come back.

October 20th:

I have found the Prince! He lives in our secret garden; the place where I least expected to find him. Ninon calls it that because no one knows of it except us. Nobody lives there, except the tinkling fountain, the breeze and the sundial. Ivy and moss grow everywhere and the flower beds are all over-grown with weeds. Ninon says it is a garden that has lived its life and love, but is now dreaming. We have looked and looked for a gate but can never find one. We enter the garden by climbing the high garden wall and clinging to the ivy stems that cover it.



The sisters had gone to visit the Curé and Ninon was baking gingerbread, so I slipped down the path and had safely climbed the wall and was dangling my feet over it when I heard somebody singing. I nearly fell over backwards, I was so frightened. I crossed myself and sat holding my breath in suspense, and then the Prince came into view. I knew him right away; for he was just like the one in my story-book, except that he didn't have any gay-colored plumes or a horse, but I liked him just the same. When he saw me he stopped and said something softly in a language which I couldn't understand. But I only smiled back and asked him in French if he were the Prince. At that he laughed so hard that I laughed too, and then he came and helped me down. He showed me the garden—It has changed so; the flowers are no longer choked with weeds and there are white garden seats under the trees. The garden has awakened!

October 21st:

Today Ninon found the gate! She was so sweet and lovely in her blue muslin dress, with a larkspur in her hair, that suddenly I wanted the Prince to see her. I have never told her about him for she would not go with me.

At the bend of the garden we came face to face with the Prince. Ninon stopped and stared and her face turned first a delicate pink and then a marble white. And the Prince! Something I had never seen before was gleaming in his eyes, but Ninon turned and fled straight for the garden wall.

I clutched Prince Tom's hand and we ran also. She was half-way up when we got there. She turned around to look at us and without warning the ivy tore from the wall and she fell with a thud to the ground.

I thought she was dead, because she lay so white and still against the Prince's arm. But she was only stunned. By and by her long lashes fluttered, and she opened her eyes to smile at me.

I shuddered and looked at the wall. Then I screamed and danced. If the Sisters had been there they would have held up their hands in horror, with looks of astonishment on their pious faces. There was the gate!

It was browned by the sun and the rain so that you could hardly detect it from the rest of the wall. Its hinges were rusty and the latch worm-eaten; covered by ivy it had been safe from prying eyes. The Prince said we should plant the ivy there once more and it should be known only to us.

May 3rd:

I am writing this by candle light. I know I shall make blots and mis-spell words since Ninon is not here to help me.

The city is in total darkness; here and there a light may be seen like a far off star, but it too, is shaded from hostile eyes. For death stalks everywhere and may come without warning to the sleeping village.

The Prince has gone. He marched away in our country's blue.

Ninon was brave and smiled gladly, but I cried. Down the street they came; heads erect, arms swinging. My eyes blurred so that I could see nothing through my tears. I wanted to call to them: "Come back, come back!" for some I knew would never come again; they will sleep where red poppies blow. But they went bravely, fearlessly on.



One morning I kissed Ninon goodbye. She looked very neat and trim in her nurses' uniform as she went down the hill toward the valley and I was left alone.

June 5th:

It has been a long, long May, and I have been very ill. One day while I sat knitting under the sun-lit apple tree, a man staggered toward me. His face was ghastly and blood was coming from his mouth and nose. His blue uniform was torn and caked with mud. He fell at my feet, mumbling, "Save me, save me! They will kill me in a moment!"

It was Michael! shaken, fighting in a living hell for months for France! But home ties were stronger and he had gone through untold agonies and terrors just to kiss the sweetest baby in the world once more—his little Jeanne. Where could I hide him? The garden! Could we make it? We must! I know I prayed, but for what I did not know. I half dragged, half carried Michael to the garden. The gate would not open! Oh, Mother Mary, grant me time! Nearer and nearer rode the horsemen. I turned and sped down the pathway. Returning, I threw my whole weight against the gate. It swung open!

I flung myself exhausted on the grass within the garden. My breath came in gasps while my heart seemed to be pounding to pieces in my throat.

Soon the horsemen rode up to the wall. Crowding closer to the side of it I tried to stop the flow of blood on poor Michael's arm, as he lay face downward on the grass.

"They are on the other side of the wall," called one.

"Have sense, a child could not carry him over it, and there seems to be no gate. We are wasting time," laughed the other.

"Have your own way," retorted the first angrily. "It is no wonder we have no success in overtaking deserters. You are like a jelly fish, without a backbone."

I knew no more until I awoke in my little white bed with Sister Jeannette's kind face bending over me. For many days I had lingered near death, while poor gardener Michael had only lived long enough to kiss his little Jeanne goodbye.

Ninon is home again, but she is not the pretty, happy Ninon that she used to be; she very seldom smiles and seems living in the lands of yesterday. We go for a walk everyday in the secret garden and she seems to be looking for someone. It is the Prince, but he will come no more, for he is dead.

Yesterday as she sat on the bench by the fountain and I was twining a flower in her hair, she whispered, "Dead, Dead!"

I exclaimed, "No, Ninon, you said there are no dead, that we live forever. He is not dead, but living!"

She turned my face toward her and kissed me. "I had almost forgotten God, Yvonne dear; it is true that life never ends!"

And with her head close to mine we watched the hand of God change the flaming gold of the sunset to the colors of mauve and purple before dusk fell.

—PHYLLIS GLISAN.



On a Drowning Man

Down through the cool green depths
A body fell—
It had not dived to rise again
Eternity opened its wide gates
And it fell in.

Morning

Slowly over the hill
Where daisies slept
And crickets dreamed
There stole a pale gray light
* * * * The dawn had come.

Disillusioned

You asked for my heart and I gave it
Unquestioningly, wholly and true.
You took it as children take roses
Fresh with the morning dew.
You played with, then tore it to pieces,
And threw the petals away
It's broken and cannot be mended
Let others try as they may
To me all love dreams are ended * * *
* * * * Nothing remains but the thorns.

Inspiration

Memories of the past—
Realities of the present—
Hopes of the future.

—MARY THOMAS.



HOW DEAR TO MY HEART



ARE THE SCENES OF MY SCHOOL DAYS



BEHIND THE BARS
PRIZE



BUDDIES



OUR PRESIDENT



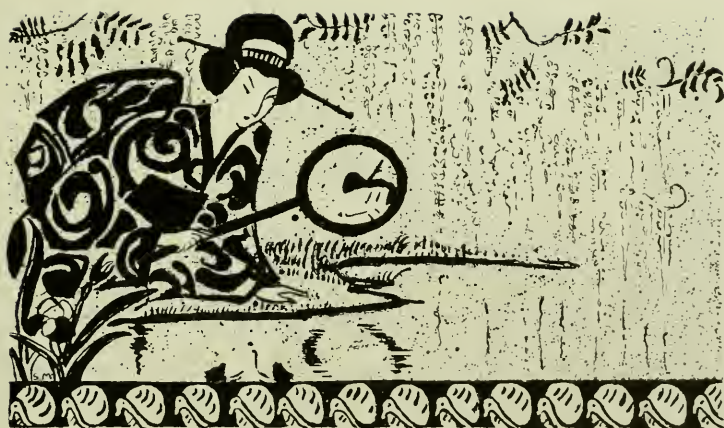
HOME TALENT



POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

PRIZE SNAP AND WISE SNAPS

THE MIKADO



See how the Fates their gifts allot!

—THE MIKADO—GILBERT

*you are absolutely
indispensable!!!
in more ways than one
Lois, Lois*

LOIS WALKER
BEST LOOKING



M. PATTERSON
HAS DONE THE
MOST FOR
M.B.C.



*✓ Love
Dorothy
Rat*

DOROTHY CURRY
MOST POPULAR
DAY STUDENT



ELIZABETH LYNN
MOST POPULAR BOARDER

HELEN
WALTHOUR
MOST VERSATILE



VIRGINIA WALTHOUR
BEST DANCER



THE MIKADO



A day, a week, a month, a year,
Or be it far, or be it near.

—THE MIKADO—GILBERT



"The Very Naked Boy" — Miscellaneous Play



"The Florist Shop" — Senior Class



A Nook in the Library



The Girls' Parlor



Homeward Bound, December 16



Miss Higgins' Party to "Granddaughters"



White Christmas—Y. W. C. A.



Music Box Revue—Y. W. C. A.

Yours for
Holidays
Elise.



"Three Pills in a Bottle"—Dramatic Club



Freshman-Junior Banquet



Bluestocking Tea, March 6



The Covered Way on a Rainy Day





Decorated Tables by Domestic Science Seniors





Junior-Senior Banquet, April 10



Academic Procession 1925



May Day Paganal



Class Day 1925



WHERE THERE'S A WILL
THERE'S A WAY



THE NURSERY



FRIENDLY RIVALS



JOKE'S



A MONDAY PATIENT



THE BEGINNING AND THE END



THAT GINGERBREAD COOKY LOOK

MINIATURE GLIMPSES

日 出 の 光 照 る 新 年 の 朝



In the dawn of the New Year
 Before the ancient portal
 Of eternal truth.

—JAPANESE NEW YEAR POEM

1926

福



MARY BALDWIN IN KUNSAN, KOREA



THE MARTHA D. RIDDLE SCHOOL, CHINA
(For our own Miss Riddle)

First Grammar School Graduates 1920

The "Christian Observer" Diplomas for
Shorter Catechism



THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION AT MARY BALDWIN IN KOREA



THE MARTHA D. RIDDLE SCHOOL, CHINA
(For our own Miss Riddle)

花ざかりの恋物語



Yes! 'tis a tale of days long past.

—From THE MAIDEN OF KATSUSHIKA

1926

福

THE SPECTATOR

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EXPLANATION.

The whole number of pupils for the year has been 60. The studies pursued with the number in each class will afford some facts to aid in an estimate of the present condition of the school. This statement is here made with a list of the abbreviations used in affixing the studies to the name of each pupil.

R—Reading. W—Writing. S—Spelling. A—Arithmetic. E—English Grammar. G—Geography. The whole school are practised, either daily or in occasional recitations, in all the foregoing branches, throughout the course. Rh—Rhetoric 20. B—Botany 30. C—Chemistry 20. As—Astronomy 25. Al—Algebra 10. Ge—Geometry 12. H—History 30. N. P.—Natural Philosophy 50. Rh—Rhetoric 20. Fr—French 6. L—Latin 2. M—Music 22.

The subscribers to Mr. SMITH'S Sermon are informed that the following exhibit of the Augusta Female Seminary, with the Address, is appended, simply for the purpose of giving it a wide *gratuitous* circulation. The price of the Sermon (12 cents) is the only charge made to them. Their attention is respectfully invited to the claims of this School.]

Collections and Recollections



HERE is a tiny, red-bound volume bearing on the title-page the formidable announcement, *The Exclusive Claims of the Prelacy, Stated and Refuted: A Discourse*. And modestly hiding at the end of the discourse, printed in this form "for the purpose of giving it a wide, *gratuitous* circulation" is the first catalogue of the Augusta Female Seminary. The date is 1846. It was 1842 when Rev. Rufus W. Bailey had first come to Staunton and opened the school. Two years later the cornerstone

had been laid for the first building, now the central portion of Main. The importance of the work they were inaugurating was recognized by the founders in the solemnity of the cornerstone ceremony. Inside the stone were "A copy of the *Staunton Spectator*, newspaper of the week; a copper



plate with a record of the ceremony The Holy Bible enclosed in oil silk with the superscription—"The Only Rule of Faith and First Text-Book of the Augusta Female Seminary." The address delivered on this occasion strikes a humorous chord in the mind of the modern reader: the deterioration of youth from its attractive form of earlier days; the precocious extravagance and worldly-wisdom; the cause, among other factors, foreign influences in education. This Seminary was to combat those degenerating tendencies and remain a bulwark of sound manners and morals.

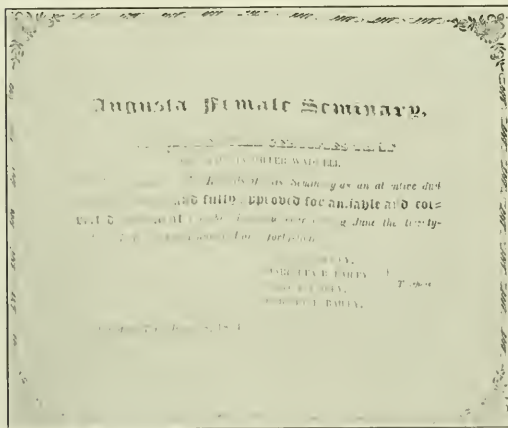
By the date of the publication of the first catalogue, the institution was safely housed in its new home with a faculty of four—

Rev. R. W. Bailey
Mrs. M. B. Bailey
Miss M. E. Bailey
Miss H. P. Bailey

and an enrollment of sixty pupils, in the list of whom appears a significant name—Mary Julia Baldwin.

The curriculum of that day is an interesting topic. The entire student body received instruction in the "3-R's," Spelling, Grammar, and Geography. Among the more advanced courses were Rhetoric, Botany, Astronomy, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Music on Piano Forte or Guitar.

The paragraph headed "Boarding" is likewise of interest in our study of the evolution of the school: "Instead of a single Boarding-House, the arrangement has been preferred to distribute the pupils into different families, where the social and domestic habits may be cultivated through the whole course of education. Such



arrangements have been made with private families of high respectability, in the immediate vicinity of the Seminary, that almost any number may be accommodated by placing four to eight in a family. The young ladies will be brought under the best moral influence and maternal supervision, exerted by those who will act in harmonious concert with their teachers to aid in the thorough



education of mind, manners, and heart." Apparently this Utopian arrangement was not so feasible as the Trustees had anticipated, for in a few years we find it yielding place to a regular, though small boarding department in the building.

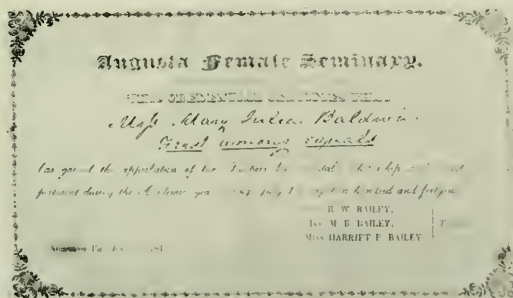
One item would strike the ear of a modern school girl in a manner, to say the least, unfavorable. The two sessions, beginning the first Monday of September and the first Monday of February, respectively, were each of five months' duration with no pause between, the months of July and August composing the sole vacation.

Apparently, however, this rigid schedule was deemed essential to the fulfillment of the purpose of the Seminary, as expressed in the first report of the Board of Trustees: "It was our purpose to found an institution in which all the branches of a substantial female education should be taught and thoroughly In the public examinations the young ladies have shown such an intimate acquaintance with their various studies as to draw forth strong expressions of approbation from the Trustees and the audience." Could the Board have been guilty of—we will not say yellow—rose-tinted journalism? Or how shall we reconcile this with the less formal report of contemporaries that studying was not at all fashionable in those days; that Miss Baldwin, in the capacity of earnest student, was decidedly in the minority?

Having announced its existence and aim, the Seminary felt it quite unnecessary to publish another catalogue for the next twenty-three years; a respectable Seminary had little need of forcing itself on the public. Besides, it was growing, slowly yet surely, under varying régimes. In the session of '60-'61 the boarders numbered some score, one or two from so remote a distance as Richmond.

And then came war. The boys in gray marched through Staunton; the Seminary girls, standing on the terraces to wave their champions adieu, showered them with clover blossoms in default of handsomer flowers. But they were soon to discover that war is not all bands and blossoms; even to non-combatants it brings its

question, that of bread and meat. The boarding department shrank one year to six girls. Their families were urged to pay school-bills in meat, flour, and vegetables. Often the cry, "The Yankees are coming!" sent them into panic or into strategy: flour





AUGUSTA FEMALE SEMINARY IN 1850

barrels donned frills and became ladies' dressing-tables; the pupils themselves sat prim and straight, their hoop-skirts concealing bread and bacon.

Trite perhaps, but still true, is the proverb, "Darkest before dawn." In 1863 Mary Julia Baldwin was called to the principalship of Augusta Female Seminary. And then somehow the school seemed to wake up again, a healthy circulation was stimulated. That year saw a larger number of pupils enrolled than ever before, in spite of the war. The curriculum was thoroughly overhauled and rearranged. And in the spring of 1865 the first diploma of the Seminary was bestowed. Before this time a young lady had merely received education; henceforth it was to be *an* education. Miss Nannie Tate of Staunton was the pioneer. Her own account of the ceremony is delightful. The first concern of the sweet girl graduate is the dress, and the war had left few white dresses in Augusta county. But from one friend came the loan of a plain white muslin skirt, and from another a waist of dotted swiss. The exercises were held in the Presbyterian Church. There were certificates of various kinds to be delivered; Professor McGuffey of the University of Virginia was to make the address; on top of the high desk reposed the precious diploma. And Miss Nannie, who had worked for years for it, was obliged to work hard up to the last minute: for whether the speaker's motive may have been to emphasize the lofty status of learning, or whatever his reason, we know that Dr. McGuffey did not descend from his eminent position. Rather, he leaned over the pulpit to bestow the parchment from above. And the diminutive graduate stretched on tiptoe to reach it from below. Surely never was honor so hardly won!

From the session of '67-'68 on down we have the printed page for a storehouse of tradition, for that year appeared another catalogue. The growth of the school in the past four years had been phenomenal. The pupils numbered one hundred and thirty-four, of whom seventy-four were boarders. Thirty-six were from other states than Virginia, the number of these represented being eleven.

The plan itself had extended beyond the first little schoolhouse. Wings had been added to each side of the original building, making it practically the same as our present Administration Building. Still more radical, "a new, spacious and handsome edifice, well ventilated, heated throughout from a patent furnace, and with water and gas pipes reaching every room," had been constructed. Also we are informed, "The school has a Library, Philosophical, and Chemical Apparatus,



Maps, Globes, Musical Instruments, and other facilities for instruction and illustration."

The course of study had already been remodeled under Miss Baldwin's administration. The explanation of the system is given: "The plan of instruction is that of the University of Virginia, modified only as far as to adapt it to the peculiar requisite of female education. The course of study is distributed into 'schools,' each constituting a complete course on the subject taught." The schools are those of Latin, French, Mathematics, Moral Science, Natural Science, English Literature, History, and Music.

Evidently the University must have approved of its imitator, for foremost among the testimonials that year we find the following, from Professor McGuffey—we met him at Miss Nannie Tate's graduation:

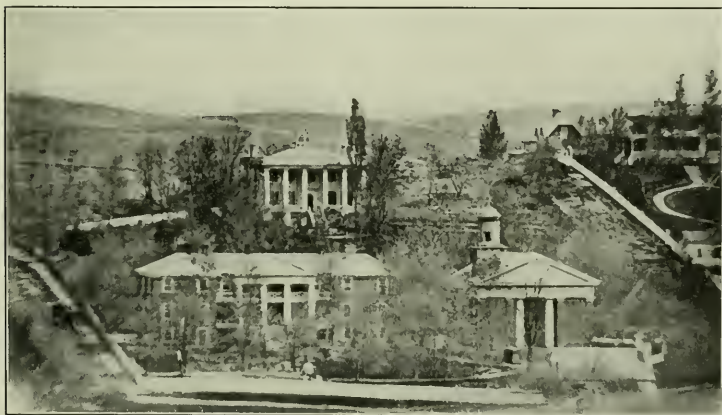
I consider this school as amongst the best, if not the very best in the South. Its *discipline* is parental, in the best sense of that term. It is under strictly religious influence, without being sectarian. The method of instruction combines, most felicitously, *acquisition* with development, and the course of studies is ample, varied, and complete—skillfully adapted to the highest improvement of both intellect and character.

I am acquainted with no Seminary where young ladies may spend their time more *profitably*, safely, and agreeably than at the Augusta Female Seminary.

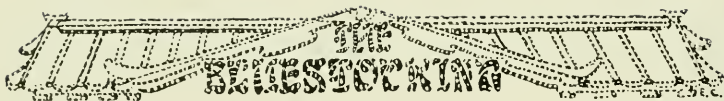
WM. H. MCGUFFEY.

University of Virginia.

Another particularly interesting name among the references is one closely linked with some of the associations Mary Baldwin holds most dear—Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, father of the late president.



AUGUSTA FEMALE SEMINARY IN 1860



Gentlemen,—Institutions for the instruction of young ladies abound throughout the country, and there may be others as deserving of public confidence as this; but *I have never known such a school*. It is as near perfection, in my judgment, as it is possible for human wisdom to make it. This sounds like the language of extravagance; but I employ it deliberately, and with a full sense of all that it implies. A long acquaintance with *Miss Baldwin* and *Miss McClung*, warrants me in declaring to all whom my word may influence, that there are no two ladies in the land who are better qualified, by nature, by cultivation, by grace, and now by experience, for conducting a Seminary like that over which they preside. My own daughter is under their care, and no sacrifice would I refuse to make to keep her there until her education is completed. I can honestly advise parents to send their children to this excellent institution, with the assurance that it will be through no fault of its Principal, if they shall not be well and thoroughly taught. I regard this Seminary as a great public blessing.

Respectfully,

J. R. WILSON.

Augusta, Ga.

At this time the weekly composition came into prominence. Those of the older pupils were read aloud in the schoolroom, and the younger girls wrote in imitation. We should probably have enjoyed some of these evenings if many of the prescribed subjects were similar to that of "A Death-bed Scene," actually remembered by a former student.

Written examinations had replaced oral ones by now also. However, the heyday of examinations had not yet arrived; that was to come later; the algebra class of Miss Charlotte Kemper—later noted for her work in Brazil—probably holds the record, the class that failing to complete the examination in an entire day, returned the next morning, and so continued until Miss Baldwin was forced to protest. Our two-hour examinations seem indecently bare in comparison.

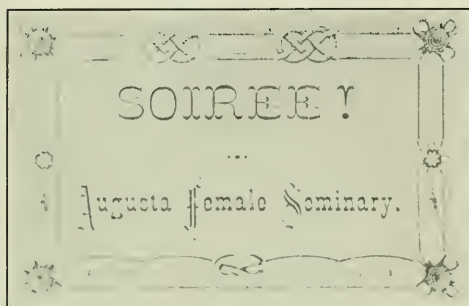
However archaic many topics may seem, there are certain others that have a startlingly familiar sound; witness, for example, the list of rules:

At ten o'clock at night the young ladies must prepare for bed, and at half-past ten the house must be quiet.

No young lady is allowed to leave the grounds without express permission.

Visitors will not be received during school or study hours, nor the visits of young gentlemen at any time, except at the discretion of the Principal.

The next year another modern-day acquaintance makes its appearance—the uniform. Its origin is said to have arisen on account of one pupil whose inordinate dressing incurred Miss Baldwin's disapproval. The principal not only suspended the greater part of her wardrobe from use, but in order to guard against this danger in the future made provision for greater restriction of dress. "For purposes of economy and convenience, uniform suits are prescribed for winter and spring, to be worn on public occasions. The winter suit consists of *grey empress cloth*, with basque, hat, veil, and gloves to correspond. The spring suit is *white pique*, with white trimmings on the hat." In '72 the winter hat was to be "black,



trimmed with black and white plumes." In '73 the suit was black alpaca. In '81 colored trimming was permitted, but the uniform itself must be black. In addition we are gravely informed that "One dress in addition to the uniform, suitable for soirees, is amply sufficient, with the ordinary everyday clothing. A simple

muslin or tarleton is all that is necessary for Commencements. Expensive silks are out of place on young school girls." Another year we find this delectable note appended: "*The following violations of the laws of health are prohibited: Eating imprudently at night; wearing thin low shoes in cold weather; going out without wraps and overshoes . . . and also the too early removal of flannel, or any neglect to put it on at the approach of cold weather.*" And: "Students shall not borrow money, jewelry, or books, nor wear the clothing of others. No trading of clothes will be permitted." Evidently schoolgirl nature has changed little.

Of Miss Baldwin herself, reminiscence could be endless. A rare tribute is paid to her in the words of one of her pupils, "I never heard anything disrespectful said of Miss Baldwin." Her flowers that covered the terraces; her parrot, that sat on the back of her chair in the dining room and rode proudly on her finger—and to which some unholy damsel taught the art of profanity; her dogs, the little one with the bell, her bodyguard and warning; the Newfoundland who caused disaster to the wedding-trousers of the hapless gentleman who inadvertently remained after ten o'clock; to all of them Ham and Jam still stand as memorial.

Her discipline was that of a really great executive. Girls wept as they came from her office, not from hurt feelings but from penitence. Her favorite punishments were in accordance with her common sense: you memorized poetry or Scripture, something a benefit in itself; or you were dosed with castor oil, for sin argued sickness.

Memorizing poetry was not merely a matter of penalty, however. All the young ladies were trained to the accomplishment of Elocution; as many others were students of Music, singing or instrumental, their talents were displayed in frequent recitals, soirees, and plays. Little Red Riding Hood and her wolf appeared on the stage; hosts of angels fluttered tarleton wings. And in the rear of the chapel sat university students from Charlottesville and Lexington, after the performance to mingle with the young ladies of A. F. S. The Seminary was serving the world!



It was serving, though, in the highest sense. The school was growing steadily, numerically, greater, and geographically more influential. In the catalogue for 1881-'82 we find the following testimonial from the *Boston Journal of Education*: "During our recent tour in the South, we perpetually heard of Augusta Female Seminary at Staunton, Virginia, as one of the most deservedly-celebrated schools for girls in that region; taking an honorable rank with the collegiate institutions for young women that are now coming to be such an important factor in the national education. The catalogue of session for 1880-'81 bears witness to the prosperity of the Seminary, and the thorough and practical character of its course of study. Its curriculum is arranged on the plan of the University of Virginia, including a dozen 'schools,' with their appropriate teachers. Only pupils with a certificate of proficiency in eight of these schools, receive the diploma of a full graduate. More than forty names of such graduates appear during the twenty years' presidency of Miss Baldwin. The Seminary has now several hundred students and twenty-five teachers; and is situated in one of the most beautiful and healthful towns in the Valley of Virginia; and is evidently making a vigorous effort to maintain the past and present reputation of the Old Dominion, as the leading Southern State in the higher education, and a nursery of superior teachers, especially for the Southwest."

Year after year new girls were coming; year after year they were going out, bearing with them the spirit of Mary Julia Baldwin; more years and their daughters followed them, and their daughters' generation.



MY BRAIN IS FULL OF SCHEMES



My brain it teems
With endless schemes.

—THE MIKADO—GILBERT

1926

福



Look for
No Evil
For you will hear
No Evil
For we speak
No Evil





Mary Baldwin A La Japanese

SEPTEMBER 10: I am come to this school today. It is very glad to me but I have very bad spirits. It feels so lonely but maybe I will gladden tomorrow. I must write in journal, called "diary," some of the happy things we do this school year. This Mary Baldwin School feel very funny to me.

SEPTEMBER 19: Tonight was very buzzing in our school and I feel most glad. All girls are happy. The Y. W. C. A. gave to the new girls a welcome party and it was so excitement.

SEPTEMBER 26: For the only time I play hockey today, at what they call "the farm." It is very much pleasure.

SEPTEMBER 27: Today is Sunday. "I try to keep myself purity," I say to me. The girls tell me this is a great day because all the time before we have teacher with us to church, but today we have only girls to chaperone us, and it will be like that all times now if we keep behave. I like sermon very much. It struck my heart.

OCTOBER 3: Today rain is falling like a spear. No please me. Classmates take me to Tea in girl's parlor. It for Y. W. C. A. We had many new things to eat, and a very nice time. Everybody was satisfied, so I was too.

OCTOBER 10: I all the time study hard. I cannot do mathematics, and I think my teacher look down on me. To exceed the sorry day we go to Baby party for us tonight. Oh, it be so much fun! Every body be little girl again.

OCTOBER 13: Today was glad weather in opposition to other day. Today we saw, what I think they call a moving picture. I never saw before but I like very much to see again. At first it made me dizzy but now I understand. The lady very pretty.

OCTOBER 20: I was so glad today—like everybody else when we have a holiday. We all congratulated. Six classmates and myself go on long automobile ride. It was so pleasant not to have lessons like on other days. I like holiday.

NOVEMBER 3: Tonight old Mary Baldwin girl, very much grown up, came back and talked to us in Chapel. Her name Mrs. McMillan. Big reputation. Her husband governs Tennessee.

NOVEMBER 22: Tea today for BLUESTOCKING. What funny name for annual book.

NOVEMBER 26: It is the day of Thanksgiving in America. Dining room fixed pretty, we wear white to dinner and have turkey. The Athletic Association had basketball game. Very much enthusiastic.

DECEMBER 11: A wet weather. I do not please it. Tonight we had a pleasant expression concert. One girl tell pretty story but another one say poem. Her voice was all trembly.

DECEMBER 23: I am on visit now to my nice aunt who live in New York. Two days the big Xmas day come. I feel much happiness. My aunt is very good to me, and show me things in this big city. I never see such before.

THE BLUESTOCKING

JANUARY 14: It make many days that we been back in school. I dream all time of good time I had in New York. Not much study.

FEBRUARY 9: A most famous lady play for us in Chapel. Her name Yolando Mero.

FEBRUARY 19: Biggest night of all come. The Freshmen and Sophomores in college go to the S. M. A. School to see boys play basketball game. They never do that before at Mary Baldwin. Every body hope for another time.

FEBRUARY 22: Today Washington's birthday come, but no holiday. Tonight we went to the theatre and heard Mr. Werrenrath to sing. Soon there was very sweetly song. I felt I rise to heaven. While I listened I forgot all care or sadness. Other girls say they felt the same way. We all like him.

MARCH 1: Everybody sad today. Great disappointment to all. Our most dear teacher, Miss Latané, must go home. She be sick and cannot teach us more this year. Oh, how we miss her! She promise to come back next year when she be better. I am very sorry so I pray to get her well.

MARCH 5: They say tonight starts recitals. Prof. Schmidt's girls play. They play well.

MARCH 6: Again the funny named book BLUESTOCKING gave a Tea. Much entertainments and good food.

MARCH 12: Nothing for specially to write, but tonight the Expression class gave recital. Like always, we wear our white dresses.

MARCH 19: Another recital this night. It was the girls of Prof. Eisenberg.

MARCH 20: Tonight was Music Box Revue for Y. W. C. A. It was good success. Lots of girls do pretty dances and sing.

MARCH 25: A holiday for which, a long time we wait. We go to shop and to moving pictures. It was good time and we much appreciate it.

APRIL 4: Today we have the Easter day. All girls go to church and for the first time this spring we wear our new white hats and suits. The music and flowers make every thing lovely.

APRIL 8: This is the day we went to Mr. King's to the Tea he always gives for us. It is some thing to which we all look with pleasure. Every one have the best time possible to have. Every thing nice and such good things to eat.





Jokes



THE CHAPERONE

Who is the ever present one
Who likes to join us in our fun?
The Chaperone!

Who is the one who likes to drape
On our high spirits the doleful crêpe?
The Chaperone!

Who is the one who censors all?
Who is the girl for whom I call?
The Chaperone!

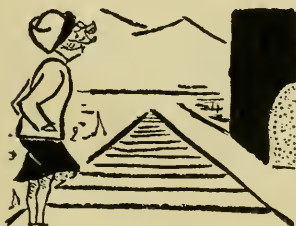
Who is the one who likes to park
Who always gets right in the dark?
The Chaperone?

Who is the one who's gay and giddy,
The one who tries to be so witty?
The Chaperone!

Who is the one whom mothers love
And think they come right from above?
The Chaperone!

Who is the good eternal sport
Who plays with those of her own sort?
It's not the Chaperone!

THE BRIDGES OF KIMA



The Freshmen stood on the railroad track,
The train was coming fast,
The train got off the railroad track
To let the Freshmen pass.

VIRGINIA B.: How did you happen to be named Missouri?

MISSOURI M.: They couldn't decide what to name me, so they made a "Missouri Compromise."

DUM: What is the left eye of a cat called?

DORA: Cat eye.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
A girl with red hair is a sure sign of rust.

D. EXLINE (going into B. & W. Book Store): I would like to get *Mated*, please.

CLERK: Sorry, young lady, but this is a book store, and not a matrimonial bureau.

JANIE R.: Have you a thumb-tack?

L. MITCHELL: No, but I have a finger-nail.

FATHER: Katharine, what does this 60 mean on your report card?

K. SEE: I don't know, Father, unless it is the temperature of the room.

A learned instruc
Took a chance on her luck,
You may find her name here if you gaze;
When she opened her box
And pulled out the sox,
Said, "It's always the woman who pays."—(Price.)



M. ANDERSON (watching H. Poindexter playing piano): Do you play by ear?

H. POINDEXTER: No, my neck isn't long enough.



MISS WILLIAMSON (entering C. & O. station): I want a railroad ticket!

AGENT: Where to?

MISS W.: Where to! Such nerve—the idea of asking a lady like myself such a question! Certainly I shan't tell you. Give me the ticket—and how much is it?

AGENT: But lady, I can't sell you a ticket unless I know where you're going.

MISS W. (resignedly): Very well, then, give me a ticket to Richmond.

Train arrived, and Miss W. took her seat, with a smile of satisfaction. Falling half way out the window, she yelled to the station agent:

"Tee hee, I fooled you! I'm not going to Richmond—I'm going to Charlottesville."



C. BRAND: I heard that a woman was hung in a Chinese city.

M. JOHNSON: Shanghai?

C. BRAND: Oh, about three feet, I guess.

"How is it that a dozen men sat under an umbrella and none got wet?"

"It wasn't raining."

THE SUPPRESSED DESIRE

SCENE—Corner of New and Frederick streets. (Traffic congestion in front of church.)

TIME—Sunday morning, 10:45.

CHARACTERS—M. B. C. girl and S. M. A. cadet.

ACTION—Characters approach each other, hesitate, start to speak, hesitate—and pass on.

"To speak or not to speak," that is the question. Whether 'tis worse to suffer the sorrows and heartbreaks of an atrocious misunderstanding or by speaking incur the dean's displeasure. We have met before at the Ritz, but 'tis far different here 'neath the public's vigilance. What know I but that piercing eyes be near to report us. Aye, there's the rub! To be reported and subjected to that hateful humiliation created by rigid discipline. Alas! We are not the rulers of our fate, but those "in authority" are now the masters of our souls. Conscience doth make cowards of us now. Day after day crawls by until the passing of time has no meaning; and still we remain dumb! We may not speak! Hope, the only remaining fragment of life, holds forth in the human breast, but who knows but that in the dim, distant future we may arrange an assignation. Ah! when that night arrives cursed be he who cries, "There goes the 9:25 bell."



DECLENSION OF FAT

IT'S M. B. C.

"Oh, Mister Gallagher, oh, Mister Gallagher,
Have you heard about that female institute?
Everybody wants to know
Why the girls all love it so,
It's the strictest place that you have ever seen."

"Oh, Mister Sheen, oh, Mister Sheen,
Now I think I know the very school you mean,
With the robes of funeral black
And the chaperones in the back."
"Is it the I. W. W.'s, Mister Gallagher?"
"No, it's Mary Baldwin, Mister Sheen."



D. HISEY (looking in Vames' longingly): Gee,
that candy makes my mouth water.
L. BRIDGES: Here's a blotter.

M. THOMAS: Did you receive my poem, "The
Patient Hen"?

D. CURRY: Yes, she's laying in the waste bas-
ket.

"Last steps of the latest dance—the front
porch."

THE BRITISH KINA



FAMOUS WOMEN

Eve
Maggie
Evangeline
Cleo
Cinderella
Beatrice Fairfax
Queen of Sheba
Tilly (The Toiler)
Snow White
Mary Sue
Joan of Arc
Mrs. Dingleberry
Pollyanna
Mary of Scots
Elsie Dinsmore
Ma
Mona Lisa
Mary Pickford

L. WALKER: McCabe, you know that court house down the street?

McCABE: Yes.

L. WALKER: Well, you saw that cannon in the front yard.

McCABE: Yes.

L. WALKER: Well, wouldn't that kill you?

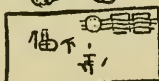
E. CORNMAN (gazing at H. Taggart's new hose): Are they rose-taupe?

H. TAGGART (not quite up on the styles): No, inside out.

MISS MORSE (to C. Jaudon drying dishes): Carter, be sure to dry the cups inside.

C. JAUDON (withdrawing to kitchen closet): In this all right, Miss Morse?

Goddess of mail



God of Worry



Goddess of Trunks



LAND OF THE GODS



GINNY'S LUCK
OR
THE LIVING PARABLE

Once upon a time, Ginny Thompson, daughter of old Sam Thompson, a famous soda-jerker, came to Mary Baldwin. She had her own check-book and a gold-filled fountain pen—enough said! She lived in style for a year. She had a private bicycle, victrola, bath-a-day habit suite of rooms (consisting of two closets, with individual doors, and separate corners for her dresser and bed and a constant supply of Four Roses Perfume). But this was not all. Plenty of clothes, including a fur coat, a diamond ring, big gold watch (with initials on back), permanent wave, and plenty of boy friends. She paid dues to ten societies, including Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Sunday School, Shifter's Club, and two sororities, and every summer had enough money to hike to Niagara Falls and back.



Then she became a senior. In the spring she paid her class assessments, for senior banquet, the white dress fee, alumnae dues, and bought two hundred invitations and announcements. She bought pictures of the ten societies and two sororities, and twenty pictures of her bosom friends. Besides, she purchased ten trunks full of graduation clothes, two new white uniforms, and two new black uniforms (for old times' sake), and five copies of *THE BLUESTOCKING*. She accepted bids to the following finals: W. and L., S. M. A., A. M. A., F. M. S., V. M. I., V. P. I., and Churchville High.

Suddenly Ginny was called home to take up her father's work (who had been compelled to retire to an institution for several years to come), and Ginny didn't graduate.

MORAL: "Not everything comes to her who waits."

Mary had a dollar bill,
In her pocket one day,
She went up to the candy store
And ate her bill away.



HEIMBACH: Virginia, who was that gentleman you had a date with last night?

V. COBLENTZ: That wasn't a gentleman—that was a cadet.

THE BRISTOL KING



The following was clipped from one of Billy's letters to Dot-tie: "If I don't hear from you to-night they'll be dragging Gypsy Hill Lake for my body and I'll be sound asleep in bed."

FIRST DUMBELL: Are you letting your hair grow out?

SECOND DUMBELL (sarcastically): No, it's just one of those long bobs.

L. THOMAS: What did you get for graduation?

P. STEWART: Did you see those squirrel coats at Palais Royal?

L. THOMAS: Yes, yes!

P. STUART: Well, I got a yellow slicker.

SONGS AND THEIR SEQUELS

"Always"	Demerit Hall
"Lost Hope"	Exams
"Sleepy Time Gal"	Janet Humphreys
"Oh, Say, Can I See You Tonight?"	Pull your shade down
"Summer Nights"	In each shady past
"That Charleston Baby"	Seen any night in the gym
"Five-Foot-Two"	Ruth Stone
"Red Hot Henry Brown"	Lewis
"Pep"	Freshman Walks (Sweet Things!)
"Drowsy Waters"	Saturday nights
"I'm Knee Deep in Daisies"	Our Golf Course
"Sweet Man"	Mail Man
"Who"	Took my tub?
"I Never Knew" (and I Never Will)	F. Bondurant
"Miami"	Where is My Wandering Dad Tonight?
"By the Light of the Stars"	Night Watchman
"Tell Me Again"	Often heard in classes
"I Do—Do You?"	Sure
"I Want You All for Me"	Missouri Miller
"Collegiate"	Mr. Krone

THE BRIDESTOCKING

"Daddy" Guess Who
 "Dear Little Shamrock" Freshmen
 "Hot Stuff" Walthour's Orchestra
 "Isn't She the Sweetest Thing?" P. Scott
 "Princess of Wails" Patty Watson
 "You Forgot to Remember" Miss Price
 "You're Just a Flower from an Old Boquet" Emily Ramsey
 "Good Night and Goodbye" A touching farewell as the composer turns over



E. CORNMAN (mounting Miss Williamson's and Miss Wallace's pictures for faculty section): Miss Meyer, I just *can't* keep them down.

PRETZELINA SNITZEL AT BOARDING SCHOOL OR THEN THE FUN BEGAN

HE: "You are so light on my feet." Little Pretzelina Snitzel, commonly known as Pollyanna, the girl with a smile, came hippity, hoppety, crash, bang, slide, right down the steps that led into the dining room. "I'm so glad," she cired, picking up herself—also a tooth knocked out by the fall, "for I'm down sooner than I expected," and with a smile ran into the dining room and seated herself at the table. "Goody, goody, goody," she cried. "Isn't this just angel! Beans again! Now we won't have them tomorrow (maybe!) I'm as happy as a louse." And dispelling with her usual cheerfulness, all her doubts, she fell upon her bread and gravy with great gusto, never once thinking of her diet. Upon leaving the dining room she thought how much joy it would give her little college mates if she were to play a college prank upon her teacher. "Yes, indeed! That would just be the thing—a college prank!" So sneaking stealthily into the teacher's room, she poured a whole bottle of Listerine into her teacher's shoes, all the while laughing at her own little prank. And the day before she had nailed the dean's shoes to the floor of the closet. She was such a little trickster!

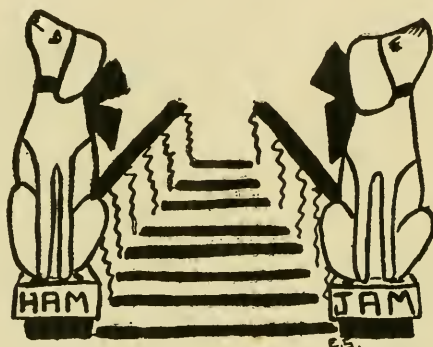
Now we will leave Pretzelina and continue her college pranks in next week's issue.



LEWIS: Do you care if I smoke?
 SALLY: I don't care if you burn.

B. KINGMAN (in note to F. Bondurant in class): Is that a "E. X." ring you have on?
 F. BONDURANT: No, it's Sigma Chi.

"A bird in the hand is bad table manners."



WHY DOGS CANNOT SPEAK

(From "Things Japanese")

Formerly dogs could speak. Now they cannot. The reason is that a dog belonging to a certain man, a long time ago inveigled his master into the forest, under the pretext of showing him game, and there caused him to be devoured by a bear. Then the dog went to his master's widow and lied to her, saying, "My master has been killed by a bear. But when he was dying he commanded me to tell you to marry me in his stead." The widow knew that the dog was lying, but he kept on urging her to marry him. So, at last, in her grief and rage she threw a handful of dust into his open mouth. This made him unable to speak any more, and therefore no dog can speak even to this very day. And so it is with our own Ham and Jam, according to Wiggam's "New Decalogue of Science."

MISS WILLIAMSON (tapping dismissal bell in chapel): All those taking exams today pass out first.

"All things come to him who orders hash."

MOTHER (calling daughter): Kaskareta, Kaskareta, oh, Kaskareta—come here! (And the little girl came running to her mother, because Kaskareta was her name.)

B. STONE (in writing to her boy friend): Just finished washing eighteen pairs of hose?

B. F. (in answering letter): What are you, anyway—a centipede or the washerwoman for the school?



AFTERWORD

If our unworthy book shall make you happiness, most honorable reader, if it shall make you remember friends and feasts, the humble staff of the 1926 BLUESTOCKING will be most glad.

春の夜の静けさ
 花の白き雪の如き



Amid the branches of the silv'ry bowers
 Sleepeth the nightingale; perchance he knows
 That spring hath come, and takes the later snows
 For the white petals of the plums' sweet flowers.

—SOSEI



Alumnae Association

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The Alumnae Association cordially invites the 1926 graduates and outgoing students to become members of this organization. The dues are one dollar per year.



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Williamson, Miss Helen	The Sheridan, 1523 22nd Street, Washington, D. C.
Yount, Mrs. Frank L.	802 Alleghany Avenue, Staunton, Va.



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Baylor, Margaret Lynn	Churchville, Va.
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Bear, Dorothy Stickley	359 Sherwood Avenue, Staunton, Va.
Bear, Frances Virginia	359 Sherwood Avenue, Staunton, Va.
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Burrow, Anastasia Devereux	334 Sherwood Avenue, Staunton, Va.
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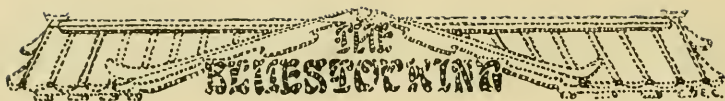
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AUGUSTA FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMPANY

FRESH FRUITS
VEGETABLES
FULL LINE OF CANDIES

Phone 371

Opposite C. & O. Depot
Staunton - - - Virginia

JOS. W. GAYHART

SHEET METAL WORKER
and CONTRACTOR

Roofing, Spouting and
Furnace Work
a Specialty

Telephone 739
112-114 Greenville Avenue
Staunton - - - Virginia

**INSURANCE ON
PERSONAL
EFFECTS**

Covering all hazards, including
Fire, Theft and Transportation,
at the College, in Hotels, or
boarding houses or when travel-
ing.

Charges Reasonable

W. J. PERRY CORPORATION
Masonic Temple
Staunton - - - Virginia

**B. & W.
BOOK CO.**

Gifts Greeting Cards Books
 Pictures

Picture Frames
Fine Stationery

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**VALLEY TIRE AND
SUPPLY COMPANY**
JAS. S. SIMMONS, JR., Prop.

ACCESSORIES

TIRES AND TUBES

Bearings for ALL Cars

**PISTON RINGS
VULCANIZING**

Phone 937
Staunton - - - Virginia

**V A M E S
S W E E T
S H O P P E**

—If Its Sweet We Have It—

East Main Street
GIVE US A TRIAL

**GREY ROSE
TEA ROOM
STAUNTON
VIRGINIA**

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF The Staunton National Bank

OF STAUNTON, VA.

DECEMBER 31, 1925

RESOURCES

Loans and Investments.....	\$ 812,576.36
U. S. Bonds.....	81,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	20,378.63
Cash on hand.....	24,818.88
Due from Banks.....	88,699.43
	113,518.31

\$1,027,473.30

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	71,138.59
Dividends payable Jan. 2, 1926	5,000.00
Circulating Notes.....	81,000.00
Rediscounts.....	17,500.00
Deposits.....	752,834.71

\$1,027,473.30

3% Interest Paid in Savings Department

B. E. Vaughan, *President*

E. W. Randolph, *Cashier*

J. N. McFarland, *Vice-Pres.*

Fred M. Fifer, *Asst. Cashier*

Our Delicious Bakery Products

FANCY ICE CREAM

Whitman's Fine Chocolates and
Confections

EDWIN R. ANDERSON

12 E. Main St. Staunton, Va.

The absent-minded school girl
threw her laundry in bed and stood
outside the door all Sunday night.

M. Kivlighan

F. T. Holt

M. L. Holt

J. L. Witz

WHITE STAR MILLS

Manufacturers of

HIGH GRADE FLOUR

Ask Your Grocer for

MELROSE PATENT

WHITE STAR PATENT

NEW PROCESS STRAIGHT

BRANDS

Manufactured Solely by

WHITE STAR MILLS

Staunton - - - Virginia

HAMRICK & COMPANY

Florists

Shipping Point for the Famous
Shenandoah Valley

Staunton - - - Virginia

1ST CHINAMAN: Thy prince is
an uncouth blackguard.

2ND CHINAMAN: So's your old
mandarine.

AUGUSTA NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL
\$100,000.00

SURPLUS
\$300,000.00

RESOURCES
OVER
\$1,700,000.00

CHARLES HOLT, INC.

Agency for
Vogue Patterns
Betty Wales Dresses
Millinery and Dress Goods

CHARLES HOLT, INC.

Staunton - - - Virginia

SPROUL AND CROWLE

INSURANCE *and*

FIDELITY BONDS

Phone 158
Masonic Temple
Staunton - - - Virginia

ROSEMARY
TEA SHOP

Cor. Augusta and Frederick Streets
Opposite Y. M. C. A.
Staunton - - - Virginia

Luncheon
Afternoon Tea
Dinner

Special Hot Lunch 12 to 2 P. M.
Telephone 690

GIFTS NOVELTIES

THE BEVERLEY HOTEL

Staunton :: :: Virginia

is only two squares from M.
B. C., while parents remain-
ing in the city for a length
of time can secure

SPECIAL RATES

*Special Attention
Given School
Patrons*

**THE BIGGEST AND BEST
EQUIPPED PLANT IN
THE STATE**

**WOODWARD'S
CLEANING AND DYEING
WORKS**

**STAUNTON
VIRGINIA**

**THE
STRAND
THEATRE**
FOR THE BEST IN
**MOTION
PICTURES**

AGENTS
FOR
WHITMAN'S CANDIES

WILLSON BROS.

“Simply Service”

We Use Only SOFT WATER in Our Plant—That is the Reason
for the WHITENESS of Our Laundry Work

—Phone 495—

Staunton Steam Laundry

STAUNTON - - - - - VIRGINIA

TIMBERLAKE DRY
GOODS COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Dry Goods Millinery
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

STAUNTON
VIRGINIA

COOK
WITH
GAS

KLEAN and KOOL

CITIZENS GAS COMPANY

“A Gas Range is a Cook Stove
With a College Education”

The National Valley Bank

OF STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

RESOURCES MORE THAN THREE MILLION

AUGUSTA COUNTY'S OLDEST, LARGEST *and* STRONGEST BANK
Designated by Federal Reserve Board to Act as Excutor, Trustee, etc.

WM. A. PRATT, *President*

CHAS. S. HUNTER, *Vice-Pres., Cashier*

W. B. MILLER, *Assistant Cashier*

GILPIN WILLSON, *Vice-President*

C. K. HOGE, *Assistant Cashier*

JAS. C. FOSTER, *Trust Officer*

MASSIVE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT—CAPACITY 3200 SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

HOGE AND MCCHESENEY

ATLAS INSURANCE AGENCY

F---I---R---E
INSURANCE

SURETY BONDS FURNISHED

Office—Opera House
Staunton - - - Virginia

NANCY: How did Peggy make out in her finals?

BEE: She was caught cheating!

NANCY: What—Peggy cheating?

BEE: In physiology class the question was asked: "How many vertebrae are there?"—and she was caught rubbing her back.

"Woe is me," said the horse as he stopped.

FOR THE GRADUATE

ARE YOU AT LOSS TO KNOW WHAT TO GIVE THIS YEAR?
It won't take long to decide if you will come in and look over our stock of

FINE JEWELRY

We have just received a shipment of *newly designed* CLASS PINS, RINGS, BROOCHES, and other *up-to-date* Novelties that would be very appropriate and couldn't be other than appreciated. We would appreciate a call from you.

D. L. SWITZER

— JEWELER —

19 East Main Street : : : : : Staunton, Virginia

—Established 1870—

S. M. WILKES & COMPANY

Mrs. Jos. P. Allen, *Owner*
Jos. P. Allen, *Manager*

FURNITURE *and* UNDERTAKING

Ambulance—Motor—Hearse
Chapel

Cut Flowers Funeral Designs

114-116-118 W. Main St.,
Staunton - - - Virginia
Phones—Day 659 Night-Sunday—329

BRYAN'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Staunton, Virginia

Home of
HUMMING BIRD
Silk Hose

JOHN: Now look as if you're
being kissed."

RAGAN: Before or after?

RICHMOND DAIRY COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

DAIRY PRODUCTS

HEAD OFFICE *and* FACTORY

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

BRANCH PLANTS LOCATED AT

Staunton, Va.

Waynesboro, Va.

Spottswood, Va.

New Hope, Va.

Lexington, Va.

—TERMS AND PRICES GLADLY FURNISHED ON REQUEST—

JCPenney Co.
A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION —
501 DEPARTMENT STORES

11 S. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.

Dry Goods Shoes
Ready-to-Wear
Clothing and Notions

Always the Newest at the LOW
Prices, Made Possible by our
676 Store Buying Power

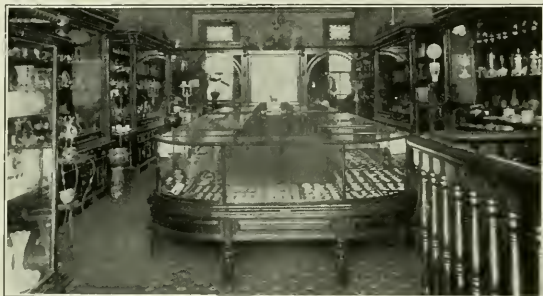
"Get the Penny Habit"

BOUDOIR
DESK AND TABLE
L A M P S

will make your room
wonderfully attractive

Columbia
RECORDS

A U G U S T A
F U R N I T U R E
C O M P A N Y
WEST MAIN STREET



Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Eastman Kodaks, and
Everything in Mary Baldwin Jewelry

Special Invitation to Visit our Gift and Art Department

H. L. LANG & COMPANY, JEWELERS, Staunton, Virginia

MISS HATTIE GUTHMAN

EXPERT NEW YORK SHOPPER
will send things

REFERENCES REQUIRED

530 West End Ave., New York, N. Y.

You'll Have To Study

and study hard and then we doubt
if you can think of a single place
you've ever dined that equalled

CHRIS' RESTAURANT

**BREEZY
HILL
INN**

**STAUNTON
VIRGINIA**

**JOSEPH LOEWNER
GROCERIES
CANDIES
CAKES**

Staunton - - - Virginia

Augusta Military Academy

(ROLLER'S SCHOOL)

A Modern School with a country location in the famous Valley of Virginia. Endorsed by the Virginia Military Institute and other Universities. Army officers detailed by the War Department. Junior R. O. T. C. \$200,000 plant, with absolutely fire-proof barracks. Steam heat, electric lights and splendid athletic field and campus. Cadet band of thirty pieces. Able faculty of College men, who take a personal interest in the boys' academic work and who coach all athletic teams. Enrollment limited to 275. Boys from thirty states last year. Rates \$650.00.

For Catalogue, Address

COL. THOS. J. ROLLER OR MAJ. C. S. ROLLER, JR., PRINCIPALS

Fort Defiance, Virginia

WHERE THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS BUYS HER CLOTHES

ARE AGENTS FOR

MODART CORSETS, TREO GIRDLES, BRASSIERS, MINERVA
YARNS, ROYAL SOCIETY ART GOODS, MUNSING-WEAR,
GOTHAM, GOLDSTRIPE & KAYSER STOCKINGS,
GLOVES, AND UNDERWEAR, HOSE, GLOVES
AND VEILING, AND COATS, SUITS,
DRESSES AND MILLINERY
FOR EVERY OCCASION

HARRY WALTERS

Witz Building—Main Street

STAUNTON - - - - - VIRGINIA

Endless Caverns

WONDERFUL AND SPECTACULAR

NEW MARKET, VIRGINIA

—A DELIGHTFUL DAY'S MOTOR TRIP FROM STAUNTON—

Illustrated Booklet Mailed Free On Request

ADDRESS

ENDLESS CAVERNS.

New Market

Virginia

B. MARTIN: I guess you've been out with worse looking girls than I am, haven't you?

No answer.

B. MARTIN: I say—I guess you've been out with worse looking girls than I am, haven't you?

H. SELLERS: I heard you the first time—I was just trying to think.



HIGH School and College Annuals have come to be recognized as an institution. Year by year they are growing in importance and in number. They are growing, too, in beauty and character, so that many high school annuals now excel the books issued from colleges a few years ago. In this advancement we have had no small part.

For more than fourteen years we have been helping create representative annuals for schools throughout Virginia, and have won a position of recognized leadership among the printers of annuals. This is one of the many printed by us.

Not content to rest on laurels won, we have worked out plans to make our service in the future more helpful than ever. Editors, business managers, and faculty advisers are invited to write and give us an opportunity to explain how *we can help them publish the best annual they have ever had.*



The McCLURE COMPANY, Inc.
Printers : : Binders : : Engravers
NINETEEN WEST FREDERICK STREET
STAUNTON : : : VIRGINIA

I am still hoping for
the day when I will
be able to share with
you - every day
yours truly
A. L. F.

AUTOGRAPHS

Mary Garland Dear -
I write while you are
and please find for I that
W. Va. I presume. I am
H. J. D

We are two from the
 f. & till the last, it seems
 from his love and luck
 till the last, Catherine Cradon

I am so glad I know you need
me I see you again no time
Fred

Always count me as one of your
friends - Dr. Brooks

Just to show I am
a brother - I'd write
about Miss Harris' name.
I'm glad to know you
"want child." nice girls
Eleonora &

I'm proud to be the first!
all I want is for you to like
me as I like you - then we'll
be happy! Always with love -
Clara Carey

When my sweetest thought to turn
to the 4 orphan boys,
I all forgot my love
- for you -
+ we -
in a mile

Ed. "mae Wilkes" ^{clerk} Harris, Carlinville, Illinois, or ^{near} N.E.C.

I enjoyed having you in my English class. Alice & Nick

May old the coffee
in the market
during the year

May Ireland

I may return
 to my old home
 in a few years.
 I am not sure
 if I shall be able
 to do so.
 I am not sure
 if I shall be able
 to do so.
 I am not sure
 if I shall be able
 to do so.

1. The first part of the paper is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of the President of the United States. The list is as follows:

He is wishing you
wads of luck from
over the water.
Love to all. Regards me.

AUTOGRAPHS

Mary H. Weston

Amelia Barton

Give to the world the best that
you have
and the best will come back to you."

Emilia Simmons

Best of Luck
for every undertaking
in life
I am
your friend
Mary H. Weston

Mary H. Weston

will you please

collect from the day students

for - - - - -

contribute to the

library (don't forget)

the first - - - - -

the first - - - - -

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the first - - - - -

I hope
you will
be able to
visit me
some day
I am
your friend
Mary H. Weston

Mary H. Weston I'm mighty glad to hear you are
getting on very well in the city. Love
to all. Your friend

Mary H. Weston I've enjoyed so much
being in your class and hope to see
you again.

Emilia Simmons

I'm so glad that
you are out of
the hospital. I
am your friend
Mary H. Weston

Ed-land - end

